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SHIMMERING PARADIGMS:
AN ENCOUNTER WITH EPISTEMOLOGY

by

OLENKA S. E. BILASH

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The undersigned certify that they have read, and recommend to the Faculty of Graduate Studies and Research for acceptance, a thesis entitled "Shimmering Paradigms: An Encounter with Epistemology" submitted by Olenka Sheila Elaine Bilash in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in Elementary Education.

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DEDICATION

To all committed teacher-learners
and learner-teachers.

ABSTRACT

In response to the challenge put forth by curriculum theorists such as Richard Pring, Elliot Eisner and Louis Arnaud Reid, this dissertation explores ways of knowing and exposes a process of coming to know. Through metaphor, art, literature, music, movement, poetry, and expressive and poetic writing the adventures of one fourth year university class, made up of elementary specialists and practicing teachers, and their professor are documented. The struggle for honesty - for congruence with one's deepest feelings and beliefs about teaching - reveals how fear is embedded in our teaching, learning and living. To overcome fear is to express one's self.

The struggle is akin to shifting paradigms with the epistemological roots of the paradigm being revealed through *Women's Ways of Knowing* (Belenky, Clinchy, Tarule, Mattuck, 1986). The biographical and autobiographical accounts trace metaphors of teacher as mid-wife, enabler, documentarist, counsellor, sculptor and gardener, and show the need to let form explode and shape our knowing. To explain, to understand, to judge, to think, and to write are trans-form-ations of self.

The study imakes explicit some of what we find implicit in our lives as educators and links this with theories of recursion.

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I. INTRODUCTION

(Sometime in 1982)
GRADUATE STUDIES ADMISSION SECRETARY (G.S.A.S.): You're interested in doing a Ph.D. in education. Could you clarify your reasons for this interest?

OLENKA (O.): Well, I really think that the university has something to offer me. There are lots of courses that I'm interested in - lots of areas of knowledge, I mean. And, I have always felt that education was my 'calling' (Secretly, I have to admit that this is also the last childhood dream I have to fulfill before I can be freed to create my own new adulthood dreams.)

G.S.A.S.: What do you mean by knowledge?

O.: Information about things. Subjects, or themes that I can come to know, that I'd be able to tell someone else, and apply to my work as a teacher, or in any kind of work I would do.

G.S.A.S.: So knowing is "telling"?

O.: No, knowing is knowing. I don't think one can ever "tell" everything that one "knows". But a part of it can be told. That's what professors do.
I'm also interested in the mind - how it works, how it makes sense of the world, how our minds are related, what, if any part of it, is hereditary. . . . Some researchers have talked about devices in the brain that account for learning certain things - like the LAD - language acquisition device. I'm interested in understanding that - the theory behind it. What makes it that way.

(Two Years Later: 1984)
G.S.A.S.: So you've completed most of your Ph. d. courses. How are things going?

O.: I'm very excited about the courses I've taken. Most of them were offered by visiting professors and I feel very privileged to have had the opportunity to come in contact with these ideas in such a personal way. I feel a bit badly that I don't know many of the local staff members, though. I think it's going to be hard to put together a dissertation committee.

G.S.A.S.: What will your dissertation be about?

O.: Be *about*? Good question! Everything interests - no, intrigues - me. One prof said that I was like a snowball rolling downhill - I collect every detail, fact, idea from any subject or experience with me. I think he wondered, and still wonders, how I'm going to make sense out of it all (*chuckles*). Me, too.

G.S.A.S.: Your dissertation?

O.: Yeah, sorry. I have this tendency to roam. Well, I'm interested in learning. I'm interested in teaching. I'm interested in second languages. I'm interested in language. There are obviously lots of possibilities. I've discussed several that could get me out of here quickly - say in 18 months. But there's something inside me that rebels against that route. I'm not in that much of a hurry. I CHOSE to return to university (for the third time). I WANT to be here. I guess I want to learn more than I want the paper that says I completed all of the requirements for some degree.
Something inside me says that I am here to do some heavy duty sorting out - who I am, why I am here - I mean on this planet - and how all of this shapes my conception of teaching. I really feel that my notion of teaching is quite different from that espoused by others.

G.S.A.S.: Could you elaborate?

O.: Well, no one ever talks about caring or about the act of teaching. Few people actually talk about the role of caring in teaching. I can see that some profs do - really *do* - care about us as students, as learners, and about our intellectual growth, but even then they don't talk about it. And I wonder

how many care about us as people, as opposed to teachers. I feel that this caring, especially as it relates to personhood, has to be talked about.
Then there are the staff rooms of schools - I do a lot of part-time consulting in schools so I'm in schools a lot. Teachers come into staff rooms and never talk about their teaching. It seems to be a taboo topic. Then someone invents the idea of teacher/researcher and I get the impression that academia expects the staffroom climate to change - as if teaching will now be talked about. I wonder if that will change the climate of the staffroom? More importantly, what is said in the staffroom? Talk about the students is taboo. Unprofessional. Except, of course, for the odd irresistible blurb to label them. I resist labels of anyone, especially kids. When I taught I found something special about /in each student, something to really love them for - to show them how great they were in this world. I hated to go into staff rooms and hear about history repeating itself, how much students were like their older brothers or sisters. I felt that the teachers had already sized them up - there was no room for that child to grow, to express him- or herself as a unique being. There was only room to be LIKE the sibling.
My superintendent told me that I had become an island in the middle of an ocean. If I didn't work with the other teachers none of my ideas would ever come to fruition. Maybe so, but all of the 350 kids in that community gave me a surprise - actually a shocking - going-away party. Was I the island, or were the other teachers? I guess it's relative - an island in a staffroom or an island in a classroom?

G.S.A.S.: A going-away party?

Q.: Yes. The parents and kids rented the only restaurant in town and everyone came in - from the farm. It was incredible. No teachers - except the principal whose daughter was in grade 5. . . . I miss those kids. I miss that opportunity to make them think, to give them the freedom to smile, be angry, help, and still be accepted. And I especially miss their responses - one can never predict what children will say or do; they're so genuine!

(Two Years Later: 1986)
G.S.A.S.: Have you finally got a dissertation topic?

Q.: Ooo-ooo! That's a tough one. I've been teaching university classes as a sessional for three years now. I've always asked students to write about their learning. I have quite a collection of 'data' from them and there is something special in their writing. I can't put my finger on it, but I know inside that their writing reveals something about how students grow, about how they learn. I'd like to unlock the mysteries in their writing. On the other hand I am also interested in creativity. I've been reading Wallace (1970), Taylor and Ellison (1970), Sternberg and Caruso (1988), Torrence (1970), Barron (1955), Koestler (1964), Hudson (1966), Buzan (1974, 1983, 1984), de Bono (1970, 1971, 1976, 1985), Samples (1976), Meister-Vitale (1982) and others to get a better feel for how creativity is discussed in the field. Creativity is still viewed in predominantly behaviouralist terms. Many researchers are trying to come up with some predictability scale for creativity - who will be creative in what, and when? Most of them say the same thing: to be creative you have to take risks, to be creative you have to know alot about something, to be creative you have to be lucky - be in the right place at the right time, to be creative you have to have your genius acknowledged. . . . There isn't much hope to suggest that everyone is creative. Maybe I'm looking into the wrong word - maybe it isn't creativity that I'm really interested in . . .

G.S.A.S.: And your coursework is completed?

Q.: Yes. On paper I have completed enough credits to meet the requirements of graduation. Of course, my candidacy, dissertation, and oral defense still remain. But I'm still grappling with ideas. I read Freire's book Pedagogy of the Oppressed (1970) in my undergraduate years. I took a seminar with the man a few years ago. And I'm still grappling with the ideas. Sometimes I feel stupid - why does it take me so long to understand things? I don't like to admit that, especially in situations where marks are to be rewarded. I've pursued coursework about phenomenology, hermeneutics, socratic dialogue, critical theory. I've been exposed to a *lot* of ideas. All of the instructors and writers in each field really seem so passionate about their conviction to a type of

thought/a political perspective/an ideological map/a way of seeing the world - I'm not sure what to call it. I feel like a chameleon: I change colours with each course. While I'm studying hermeneutics I feel hermeneutical. While I'm studying phenomenology I feel phenomenological. . . I think that it's time to meld these views together and discover my own passion. . . .

(Candidacy: 1988)
G.S.A.S.: So, you've completed candidacy. Do you finally know what the dissertation is about?

Q.: No, but it will reveal itself as I write - I have faith in that: I have faith that I will let that occur and not impose someone else's structure on my growing ideas:

> From the seed grows a root, then a sprout; from the sprout, the seedling leaves; from the leaves, the stem; around the stem, the branches; at the top, the flower. . . . We cannot say that the seed causes the growth, nor that the soil does. We can say that the potentialities for growth lie within the seed, in mysterious forces, which, when properly fostered, take on certain forms (Richards, 1975).

It will be my truth. In as honest a way as possible, it will reveal so much that is unsaid in this Faculty. I mean about the type of writing that is valued:

> Finally, one is struck by the sober humorless quality of so much of the writing in the field of curriculum and in educational research. The tendency toward what is believed to be scientific language has resulted in an emotionally eviscerated form of expression; any sense of the poetic or the passionate must be excised. Instead, the aspiration is to be value-neutral and technical. It's better to talk about subjects than students, better to refer to treatment than teaching, better to measure than judge, better to deal with output than with results. And if one is to do research, it is much more objective to speak in the third person singular or the first person plural than in the first person singular. Cool, dispassionate objectivity has resulted in sterile, mechanistic language devoid of the playfulness and artistry that are so essential to teaching and learning (Eisner, 1979, p. 20).

What I really mean is that it won't be this "sober, humorless quality" of writing. At least I sure hope that it won't.

Also, it will probably reveal the type of thinking that is valued in education, and the process of thinking that is revealed, at least, as I perceive it, as I seem to have experienced it:

> It seems to me that the form of communication in academia, both written and verbal, is such as to not only obscure the influence of the personal or subjective but also to give the impression of divine origin - a mystification composed of syllabine statements - from beings supposedly emptied of the "dross" of the self (Noddings, 1979, p. 144). So long as teachers hide the imperfect processes of their thinking, allowing their students to glimpse only the polished products, students will remain convinced that only Einstein - or a professor - could think up a theory (Belenky et al., 1986, p.215).

It will also be about discourse styles of writing. Well, it won't really be *about* discourse styles, rather the whole dissertation will be revealed *through* discourse styles.
Allow me to give you some background here. In the early seventies James Britton (1970, 1972, 1975) gathered a team of British language educators to examine the types of writing conducted in British schools. The team examined 2,000 samples of writing of students aged 11 to 18. The writing samples met the criteria of a number of discourse styles - poetic writing, transactional writing, and expressive writing. Britton's team concluded that 63 per cent of writing in this sample was transactional - the type of writing that informs, persuades or instructs, namely, term papers, laboratory reports, essay examinations, or book reviews. This is the type of writing universities expect us to be good at. 'Poetic' writing accounted for 18 % of writing, and these expressions of the imagination in the forms of fiction, poetry, drama and song were rarely found outside of the English class. Only 5.5% of school writing was expressive, i.e. a type of writing that looks like

speech written down - first-person pronouns, informal style, colloquial diction. Expressive writing is the closest to "inner speech" and the thinking process itself. "Expressive speech is how we communicate with each other most of the time, and expressive writing, being the form of writing nearest speech, is crucial for trying out and coming to terms with ideas" (Martin et al., 1976, p. 26). The dissertation may be very difficult to read. It will certainly challenge the reader's expectations. I have this sense that it will not follow the traditional linear-logical form of written text. But we'll see. . . . I don't think we have a lot of experience, and therefore are not that comfortable, reading non-transactional writing, especially interwoven with other discourse styles.

G.S.A.S.: Well, good luck, you've got an ambitious project ahead of you. I wonder how you're going to maintain the breadth of your interests and not sacrifice the depth of your study. Remember, do not feel obliged to tell us everything you know about everything.

Q.: Thanks for the advice. I will keep it in the back of my mind as I write.

(Meeting about First Draft of Dissertation: August 1989)
G.S.A.S.: So, you've completed a complete first draft. Is it what you expected?

Q.: Yes and no. It did emerge, as I expected. I remained "centered" and the seeds of ideas flowered. It was an exhilarating experience writing the draft. On the other hand, I can't believe how much my ideas have changed. I don't think I ever should have used words like paradigm or epistemology in the past. I sure didn't know what they meant. Of course, I also realize that using these terms allowed me to come to know. . .

That was an important part of the process - using certain key words, depending on them as tools of clarification. I relied on certain authors in the same way, too. When the ideas of others seemed to synchronize with my own, I clung to those others. They became the 'significant others' of my mental world.

G.S.A.S.: Is it going to be as demanding of the reader as you anticipated?

Q.: Yes, maybe even more so. The dissertation is a blend of all three discourse styles, but in a balance quite different to what Britton and his colleagues found in British schools. Rather than emphasizing the transactional, using some poetry, and rarely asking for expressive writing, this dissertation emphasizes the expressive, includes a variety of poetic forms, and only 'some' transactional writing.
It is definitely not linear. But I have come to understand why it does not follow traditional hypothetico-deductive type reasoning. That's important. And, perhaps even more importantly, I feel that what I am asking the reader is inherently congruent to what teaching is about.

G.S.A.S.: You mean, you finally know what the dissertation is about?

Q.: Almost, I think so. I think that it is about teaching and the complex process the act entails. As I started to say, I am asking the reader to engage in a text as complex as a classroom full of adult learners - a text that is really only glimpses of a reality, glimpses of a phenomenon. . . . . Why do I ask my reader to work so hard? Because as a teacher we must work that hard to get to know each student as little or as much as we can or do. To me the "hard work" of reading my dissertation is congruent, internally harmonious, with the "hard work" the dissertation is about - teaching.

G.S.A.S.: I'm going to curl up in my big red chair and read it now. But, I look forward to chatting with you when I'm done.

Q.: Anytime. . .and enjoy . . . But before you start, maybe I could put the contents and form of the dissertation into perspective: This whole dissertation has been an adventure - a quest in search of

paradigm, form, feelings, story, voice, knowing, understanding, the essence of fear, and reflection. As a whole it is a transformation of my quest to express the teaching moment - to make what Ted Hughes calls poetry, with the teaching moment.

> Because it is occasionally possible, just for brief moments, to find the words that unlock the doors of all those mansions inside the head and express something - perhaps not much, just something. . . . Words that will express something of the deep complexity that makes us precisely the way we are, from the momentary effect of the barometer to the force that created men distinct from trees. Something of the inaudible music that moves us along in our bodies from moment to moment like water in a river. Something of the spirit of the snowflake in the water of the river. Something of the duplicity and the relativity and the merely fleeting quality of all this. Something of the almighty importance of it and something of the utter meaninglessness. And when words can manage something of this, and manage it in a moment of time, and in that same moment make out of it all the vital signature of a human being - not an atom, or of a geometrical diagram, or a heap of lenses - but a human being, we call it poetry (Hughes, 1967, p.124).

II. REVEALING THE PROCESS

> The business of living keeps no records concerning origins. All we can do is generate explanations, through language, that reveal the mechanism of bringing forth a world. By existing, we generate cognitive "blind spots" that can be cleared only through generating new blind spots in another domain. We do not see what we do not see, and what we do not see does not exist. Only when some interaction dislodges us - such as being suddenly relocated to a different cultural environment - and we reflect upon it, do we bring forth new constellations of relation that we explain by saying that we were not aware of them, or we took them for granted (Maturana and Varela, 1988, p. 242).

In Search of Paradigm

It was a cool May evening. I strolled alone in the greening park and came upon a pond. The setting was typical for spring - smells, sights, colors, sounds - but the moment was special. I paused, resting against a large rock to pan the landscape. The blue sky with its floating clouds shimmered on the pond's surface. Leaves pulsated and strong tree trunks rippled in the lubricious mirror. My head raised to take in the "real" trees, "real" leaves, and "real" sky, then returned to the shimmering surface. I moved a few steps closer and beneath the quivering leaves I witnessed huge goldfish meandering between seaweed. As I focussed on the sprightful goldfish the leaves faded from view, though I knew that their maternal source - the tall birch - still stood behind me!

A world of nature presented itself to me. I could "see" the trees and sky by "looking at" both them and the water. And when I "looked at" the water I could "see" water, fish and marine life, and trees and sky. How could I discern which sky and which leaves were "real" and which were stretching my imagination?

It was all real, of course - real in my mind, real in my sensations - my smell, my ears, the taste of the wind, the sense of a light breeze caressing my skin. . . . The feelings of a poem inspired by that moment:

Eye to eye,
Down, or up?
Images flicker inside and out
Five karat clarity
Prisms of reflection
of reality
Spirits soar
Cutting through all surfaces
What I see is mine
I am alive!

In Search of Form: To Capture the Teaching Moment

It is one thing to talk *about* teaching and quite another to *be* teaching. When I talk *about* teaching my words are philosophic, methodological, approach-oriented, but while I *am* teaching these words and the ideas behind them are transformed into action - inter-action, re-action, counter-action. This dissertation cannot avoid speaking *about* my teaching; my philosophy, values, beliefs, and ideas - what Sitwell and Latham (1979) call the 'non-material dimension of reality' - are necessarily to be revealed, either explicitly, implicitly, or by omission. But the challenge, the real personal challenge is to reveal the *action* of my teaching - to ob-serve[1] the inner workings of my teaching.

The essence of this on-going act occurs for me very near the end of term. The awkward moments of getting to know one another, discovering how best to address one another, and discerning certain social expectations, have almost been forgotten. The new ideas/approaches I choose to experiment with (or improve my old style with) have been fully integrated, discarded, or put on hold for the "next" course. The mass of staring eyes are now halved and each pair has a name, an identity, and a history. Each student is embossed in my mind and I have distinct impressions (questions, perceptions, assumptions) about each. The class meeting that 'bombed' has occurred and I have felt the tingle up my spine signalling a profound moment of learning for almost every student in the course. The sleepless nights of reading students' work have passed. The smile of satisfaction after reading a really "good" assignment has crossed my lips several times. The anger of poor communication ability -mine and that of students - has erupted and settled. The sense of caring for the growth and development of each student has ceased becoming work. The student presentations have revealed unseen confidence. The 'natural' teachers are beginning to shine, the lazy ones are conspicuous, and the hard workers (readers and writers and thinkers) are reaping their rewards. New friendships are solidifying. Coffee breaks are never long enough; nor is class time. A calm gasp of all that has been done empties my lungs.

At this point, near the end of term, I have developed relationship: "we begin to talk about more issues and penetrate more deeply into our individual value structures and personality. We emphasize perceptions of each other as individuals rather than as roles, responding to each other as

---

[1] Latin: *ob*, near; *seruare*, to keep, heed, to care; here: to go nearer to the caring of my teaching

unique entities" (DeVito, 1986, p.55). In 'relationship', outside of the agony of assigning a number/grade, I can begin to reflect: where is each student at? in terms of ideas? values and beliefs? concepts? interests? strengths and weaknesses? passions? What could I have done better? differently? sooner? later? When was I least attentive? Which corners did I cut? at what price? What did I learn about my teaching? about myself? about the course content? What do I still have to work on? How did 'we' interact together? How did 'we' grow? What is the nature of the teacher-learner relationship in *this* class?

> Education must begin with the solution of the student-teacher contradiction, by reconciling the poles of contradiction so that both are simultaneously teachers *and* students (Freire, 1970, p. 59).

What can I still do to promote growth between now and the end of term?

It is this moment - when every student stands so vividly for something and I still remain so hopeful of more - that I yearn to capture in this dissertation. But, how? I cannot capture my teaching in a case study. I know each student somewhat, a few even better, a few not as well. Never have I known any student well enough for a case study - even if I had met him or her in a previous course. Such depth captures my hopes as a teacher, but not the "real" experience.[2]

How can I study a moment that slips so gently into time, that escapes my grasp, that eludes permanence? How can I capture each face, each assignment, each contribution to our community[3] of ten to fourteen weeks? How can I share the complexity of the teaching act? How can I portray my teaching without pretending to be more profound or less superficial, without invalidating the experience?

I toss and turn, ideas wrapping themselves around me like covers that turn into a straightjacket. I kick, floundering for a sea of calm. My struggle for "how" drains me. How can I turn that drain into gain? When the how is clear I will know, my intuition tells me. How?

"How" marks my search for both metaphor and form: what is my mimesis? Metaphor

---

[2] While I could make a point of getting to know a student "in depth" for the purposes of a case study, there is not sufficient time in university teaching for such relationship to occur 'naturally'.

[3] Latin: *com*, together with; *munis*, ready to serve; *munus*, service; a group that has come together to serve a common interest, a common good; here: a group that discovers what it has in common, or even *that* it has much in common

> gives two ideas for one, where we compound different uses of the word into one, and speak of something as if it were another. . . Those processes in which we perceive or think of or feel about one thing in terms of another (are also metaphoric) (Richards, 1965, p.116).

Metaphor is needed for abstract thought (Richards, 1965, p.92). "(T)he usual function of metaphor is a wish to designate a particular something for which words are not available" (Jaynes, 1976, p.57). "(U)nderstanding a thing is arriving at a familiarizing metaphor for it" (Jaynes, 1976, p.53).

The straight jacket is loosening. My hands are free.

What ideas capture my teaching? my feeling about my work, my responsibility towards my students, towards the process and outcomes? What form of ideas acknowledges the authentic voice? What form assumes a multiplicity of possibilities? What form attends to experience and still leaves the observer to make his or her own conclusions? What form resonates with my voice and my passion as a teacher?

> All scientific inquiry culminates in the creation of form: taxonomies, theories, frameworks, conceptual systems. The scientist, like the artist, must transform the content of his or her imagination into some public, stable form, something that can be shared with others. The shape of this form - its coherence - is a critical feature concerning its acceptability (Eisner, 1985, p. 26).

My feet are free.

> Finally, most of the forms of knowledge currently reported on at conferences and in journals rest on the written word - indeed, on words that are used in a particular way: that of propositional logic. It is well to recognize that it is a convenient form for the dissemination of knowledge and understanding: it will go through the mail reasonably cheaply, it is amenable to reproduction, and it is reasonably cheap either to produce or present. However, the challenge of the emerging forms of educational evaluation and research is for the editors of journals and those planning conferences to make active provision for information to be conveyed in a range of written and spoken language media, and a range of media including video, film, electronic mail, and artifacts (Maling and Keepes, 1985, p.283).

Images of faces, statements, moments of poignant interaction, incidents of tears and smiles whirl inside me. Conversations, journal entries, poems, expressive writing, thoughts, criticisms, hopes buzz between my ears. Oh! To capture the thousands of details taken in by my eyes, ears, feelings, intuition! Oh! To transform that busy-ness that reveals our human complexity when we teach, or interact with others! Oh! To say what I really believe and feel that my voice counts! The

whirling, buzzing and busy-ness bounce against one another inside my body and shivers tingle my spine. They gobble each other up, zigzag across my mindscape and through all of my organs, and converge into a form: the script of audio and visual components of a documentary film take shape.

I rest. My floundering ceases. My breathing relaxes:

"The documentary teaches" (MacCann, 1973, p. 13-14).

"Documentary's message is for a community" (Rotha, 1952, p. 26).

Documentary "demands accuracy. . .asks understanding of human values and knowledge of issues governing our society today and in the past" (Rotha, 1952, p. 26).

The purpose of documentary is to bring "to life familiar things and people, so that their place in the scheme of things which we call society can be honestly assessed" (Rotha, 1952, p. 26).

Documentary "cannot regret the past. It cannot prophecy the future" (Rotha, 1952, p.116).

Documentary is the "observation of natural material on its actual location, from which themes may arise. . . (and) the interpretation of that material, to bring it alive as a reality on the screen, which can be attained only by a complete understanding 'from the inside' of such material and its relationships" (Rotha, 1952, p.106).

"It is the meaning *behind* the thing and the significance *underlying* the person that are the inspiration" for documentary (Rotha, 1952, p.116).

"Robert Flaherty was the father of the factual film, the first important film maker to document real life using real people and real locations. . . Flaherty began the romantic tradition which freely, spontaneously, and poetically celebrates man and his life; his films are humanistic statements, not political ones. His purpose was to explore, to document, and to affirm life, not to make propaganda and not to educate, except in the broadest sense of acquainting people with other cultures" (Barsam, 1973, p. 124).

The documentary gives "strange new information, or old information from new viewpoints. It appeals primarily to man's faculty of judgement. . . Its commitment may be passionate, its method emotional and its style a triumph of art. The effect of the film may be to change the basis of judgement and eventually to change men's minds" (MacCann, 1973, pp. 13-14).

"Documentary involves everything in life that has emotional and intellectual value" (Rotha, 1952, pp.131-132).

"Its plausability, its authority, is the special quality of the documentary - its attraction to those who use it, regardless of motive - the source of its power to enlighten or deceive" (Barnouw, 1974, p.288).

"At its best, the documentary film - like democracy, like education - is an expression of faith in man's ability to understand himself and to improve his lot" (MacCann, 1973, p.14).

"The documentary film may, and almost always does, use unscripted situations, natural backgrounds, and untrained performers, but this is not as important as the requirement that its action must be action which has happened. Content, not method, is what matters" (MacCann, 1973, p.14).

Yes, a documentary. This *is* the form that metaphorically resonates with my teaching. My eyes are like the camera - taking full shots of students entering the classroom, in hallways, on chance encounters in the library, zooming in on their eyes for glimpses of their understanding and glimmers of their souls, panning the group - its dynamics, its bonding, its unity, its developing sense of community, closing in on hands, books, clothing, facial expressions that reveal personalities and hide identities, tracking the movements of students' eyes, ideas, and thoughts, cutting in to conversations and being cut in by interruptions, dissolving the meetings as students leave the classroom at the end of yet another class. My ears splice together conversations, excerpts from students' personal journals, recollections of individual conferences, selections from their personal writing - their poetry and stories, and dub an image of each student. Then I, the director - the documentarist, synchronise the ear, the eye and all of the feelings to hold on to an image of each student and a sense of the whole group. That IS what I do as a teacher.

> "I now see the film maker as one who not only tries to bring about direct change, but as one who bears witness. This "bearing witness" has two elements. On a modest level it means that the film maker is interested in telling us about a certain truth. It is not THE "truth" or "the eternal message" but is rather a very personal statement that says: "This film arises out of my feelings, background, and integrity and on the basis of what I show and how I show it you can take it or leave it for what it's worth."
> On a different level of bearing witness the film maker is one who says: "This is our world. See its joy and be happy. But see its sorrow and learn from it, and don't say no one ever told you what the world was like" (Rosenthal, 1980, p. 31).

In Search of Feelings

The sheets start to entangle again and a new question emerges. Why am I so consumed with making a statement? with being passionate? with feeling? It is as though a volcano of feelings have been plugged shut for all of the years of my schooling. Who I am as a person - a researcher, an academic - is burning to erupt. What I think as a member of this planet has to be important - at least as important as the words of the experts. Who is an expert anyway? What each member of our society thinks, feels, believes has to matter.

Happily, I find that I am not alone in this burning belief. Maturana and Varela, two of this century's most prominent theoretical biologists, living in different countries, speaking different languages, trained in different fields, and occupying different space have a similar grasp:

> . . .we can expand our cognitive domain. This arises through a novel experience brought forth through reasoning, through the encounter with a stranger, or, more directly, through the expression of a biological interpersonal congruence that lets us *see* the other person and open up for him room for existence beside us. This act is called *love*, or, if we prefer a milder expression, the acceptance of others living beside us in our daily living. This is the biological foundation of social phenomena: without love, without acceptance of others living beside us, there is no social process and, therefore, no humanness. Anything that undermines the acceptance of others, from competency to the possession of truth and on to ideologic certainty, undermines the social process because it undermines the biologic process that generates it. Let us not deceive ourselves: we are not moralizing, we are not preaching love. We are only revealing the fact that, biologically, without love, without acceptance of others, there is no social phenomenon. If we still live together that way, we are living indifference and negation under a pretence of love (Maturana and Varela, 1988, p. 246-247).

Then why the pre-occupation with feelings? It is as though yin - feminine, contractive, conservative, responsive, cooperative, intuitive, synthesizing forces - has never lived - never been allowed in, never been valued - in my yang world - masculine, expansive, demanding, aggressive, competitive, rational, analytic.

> Looking at this list of opposites, it is easy to see that our society has consistently favored the yang over the yin - rational knowledge over intuitive wisdom, science over religion, competition over cooperation, exploitation of natural resources over conservation, and so on. This emphasis, supported by the patriarchal system and further encouraged by the dominance of sensate culture during the past three centuries, has led to a profound cultural imbalance which lies at the very root of our current crisis - an imbalance in our thoughts and feelings, our values and attitudes, and our social and political structures (Capra, 1982, pp.38-39).

Yes. I yearn to blend my feelings, values and thoughts with the academic knowledge I have "accumulated" over the years. I yearn for an expression that reflects "all" of me. I crave balance and harmony. And oh how I envy Sara Ruddick:

> Sara Ruddick: "I play easily with abstractions, spontaneously searching out the general amidst the particular. Working on Woolf required relishing the particular for its own sake, moving to generality only by tracing increasingly complex webs of connections and layers of meaning. . . I seemed to learn new ways of attending to the natural world and to people, especially children. This kind of attending was intimately concerned with caring; because I cared I reread slowly, then I found myself watching more carefully, listening with patience, absorbed by gestures, moods, and thoughts. The more I attended, the more deeply I cared. *The domination of feeling by thought*, which I had worked so hard to achieve, was breaking down. Instead of developing arguments that could bring my feelings to heel, I allowed feeling to inform my most abstract thinking (from Belenky et al., 1986, pp. 142-143). (*my emphasis*)

> For Ruddick, finding her voice and life's work as a feminist philosopher taught her that her intellectual life could satisfy a deep personal need and be intellectually challenging and still mean something to an attentive stranger (from Belenky et al., 1986, p. 148).

In Search of Story: About Whom?

My struggle with sheets and covers took several years to enwrap me. I taught a number of undergraduate language courses during that incubus.[4] I struggled to reflect and to teach reflection, and while I succeeded at the former, I felt mostly unsuccessful about the latter. When the straight jacket began to loosen and I was able to let go of the dead weight I had graduated to teaching upper level undergraduate night classes. These classes were special - in them I ventured closer to the edge of the pond. They were comprised of both full time students and practicing full-time teachers. The eyes of the class were wiser, framed in wrinkles, more enthusiastic. They all chose to participate in the class; it was part of the declared 'minor'. They began the course wanting to be there; this was not a course imposed upon them to meet some graduation requirement. They were enthusiastic; they didn't rely on me to motivate them. Whether it was them, or a looser, clearer, me, I will never know, but my fondest memories are of these groups. Perhaps my favour was swayed by the personal security of being I felt at the time?

Which group or which students will be featured in my documentary? Which will bring "to life familiar things and people, so that their place in the scheme of things which we call 'teaching' can be honestly assessed"? and still observe "natural material on its actual location"? Ed C. I. 491 - a group of 35 students - 34 females and one male. Some of the 34 women were early childhood majors - young, energetic, soon-to-graduate students who had built up a caring camaraderie from attending so many of the same courses and being involved in hands-on experiences. Some of the women were fourth year students in other areas of specialization. At least one third of the class, including the male, were practicing teachers with three to twenty-one years of teaching experience. Ed. C. I. 491, as impersonal as the name sounds, was a person-able group. Our encounters were the energy that unwrapped the straightjacket.

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[4] Appendix A contains excerpts from my personal journal, reflections on these early years of university teaching.

Such energy is powerful, even magical, and I have focussed much attention reflecting on moments with this group. Why was it the way that it was? Fate? Opportunity? Answered prayers? Coincidence?[5] Group dynamics? Maturity? A dream come true? Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. But there was a distinctly womanly - no, feminine, no, *yin*-like - quality to the group. Our weekly meetings, individual conferences, the lengthy weekly written submissions of our reflections were yearnings for voice - for authenticity, for response, for synthesis, for cooperation, for con-serv-ation[6], for connectedness, for change.

> In describing their lives, women commonly talked about voice and silence: "speaking up", "speaking out", "being silenced", "not being heard", "really listening", "really talking", "words as weapons", "feeling deaf and dumb", "having no words", "saying what you mean", "listening to be heard", and so on in an endless variety of connotations all having to do with sense of mind, self-worth, and feelings of isolation from or connection to others. We found that women repeatedly used the metaphor of voice to depict their intellectual and ethical development; and the development of a sense of voice, mind, and self were intricately intertwined.
> [The] tendency for women to ground their epistemological premises in metaphors suggesting speaking and listening is at odds with the visual metaphors (such as equating knowledge with illumination, knowing with seeing, truth with light) that scientists and philosophers most often use to express their sense of mind. . . in the history of Western intellectual thought. . . . Unlike the eye the ear operates by registering subtle change. Unlike the eye, the ear requires closeness between subject and object. Unlike seeing, speaking and listening suggest dialogue and interaction (Belenky et al., 1986, p.18).

The students of Ed. C. I. 491, especially the women, became a part of my life. Their stories spoke to me, penetrated my being. I connected with them in a way that I had never connected with students before and in that connection wondrous things occurred. These students were *my* cinema:

> For the masses, the cinema is dreams and nightmares, or it is nothing. It is an alternative life, experience freed from the tyranny of that 'old devil consequences', from the limitation of having only one life to live. One's favorite films are one's unlived lives, one's hopes, fears, libido. They constitute a magic mirror, their shadowy forms are woven from one's shadow selves, one's limbo loves.

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[5] See APPENDIX B.

[6] Latin: *con*, fully; *seruare*, to keep, protect, to care: here: voices that fully protected and cared for self.

> Cuts and dissolves melt space and time. We live dangerously in safety. WE are the immortal Gods watching the screen characters live their anguished lifetime-in-90-minutes lives (Durgnat, 1967, p. 137)

or lives of at least thirteen weeks!

III. EPISTEMOLOGY

> It is in the process of sorting out the pieces of the self and of searching for a unique and authentic voice that women come to the basic insights of constructivist thought: *All knowledge is constructed*, and the *knower is an intimate part of the known* (Belenky et al., 1986, p. 137).

We - Ed. C I. 491 and I - were a diverse array of knowers[1] could relate to them because of my own diverse experiences - as woman, teacher, learner, mother, wife, daughter, sister, friend, as citizen, pedestrian, driver, as thinker, feeler, decision-maker, as traveller, reader, listener, speaker, writer, viewer, as an imperfect being in search of ephemeral truths. In time, many years after our group dissolved I learned that we - the women in the class and I - were representative of the epistemological positions Mary Field Belenky, Blythe McVicker Clinchy, Nancy Rule Goldberger and Jill Mattuck Tarule, along with the 130 women's voices they listened to, espouse in Women's Ways of Knowing (1986). Most students began the course in silence, a state that many women revert to in new settings. Silence is a trans-form-ation[2] of discomfort, apprehension, uneasiness. Silence masks lack of self-respect or self-esteem. Silence hushes thoughts and in our culture, demands talk - somebody else's.

To Ed. C. I. 491 I was the somebody else, at least according to the culture's definition. Most professors "profess" - lecture, empty themselves of factual information; I could only profess the truth as I knew it - factual information intertwined with person - person-age, person-al, person-ality. Beginning to acknowledge myself as a constructivist (though not by that specific term), I was most eager to *hear* profess-ings. Who were the students? Where did they come from? What was the personal history of each student? What did they stand for? What gift did time hold for them? How could I help make their dreams a reality? What knowledge - or way of knowing - did they seek?

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[1] For ethical reasons, I feel that the male in the class - Spence - should be excluded from this study. Reference to Spence could not preserve his anonymity. One female also asked that her writing not be considered in this work.

[2] Latin - *trans*, across, implying change; *formare*, to form, to shape; another form of, another way of expressing

> To educate is to unfold [a wholly unexplored, radically unpredictable] identity - to unfold it with the utmost delicacy, recognizing that it is the most precious resource of our species, the true wealth of the human nation (Roszak, 1979, p.182).

Between the positions of the silent and the constructivist are three others - those of received knowers, subjectivists, and proceduralists, respectively. All of the members of our group "fit into" at least one of these positions. More accurately, I would say that most of us had experiences, memories or recollections deeply rooted or actively rooting in most of the positions.

> *Silent* women have little awareness of their intellectual capabilities. They live - selfless and voiceless - at the behest of those around them. External authorities know the truth and are all-powerful.
>
> At the positions of *received* and *procedural knowledge*, other voices and external truths prevail. Sense of self is embedded either in external definitions and roles or in identifications with institutions, disciplines, and methods. For women in our society this typically means adherence to sex-role stereotypes and second-rung status as a woman with a man's mind, but a woman nevertheless. These women seek gratification in pleasing others or in measuring up to external standards - in being "the good woman" or "the good student" or "the successful woman who has made it in a man's world". A sense of authority arises primarily through identification with the power of a group and its agreed-upon ways for knowing. . . . An outcome at the position of procedural knowledge is the acquisition of the power of reason and objective thought, which provides women with a sense of control and competitive potential even though, for some women, real-life opportunities for exercising their authority may be hard to come by. Access to subjective sources for knowing are absent or lost at the positions of received and procedural knowledge. There is no sense of authentic or unique voice, little awareness of a centred self.
>
> At the position of *subjective knowledge*, quest for self, or at least protection of a space for growth of self, is primary. For women, this often means a turning away from others and a denial of external authority. Although the belief that truth is private and subjectively known often results in a sense of private authority, there is no public voice or public authority. Women at this position usually feel strongly that they "know" but have few tools for expressing themselves or persuading others to listen.
>
> To learn to speak in a unique and authentic voice, women must "jump outside" the frames and systems that authorities provide and create their own frame. . .a way of knowing we call *constructed knowledge* - began as an effort to reclaim the self by attempting to *integrate* knowledge that they felt intuitively was personally weaving together strands of rational and emotive thought and of integrating objective and subjective knowing. Rather than extricating the self in the acquisition of knowledge, these women used themselves in rising to a new way of thinking (Belenky et al., 1986, pp. 134-135).

I am now convinced that my new-found epistemological stance shaped the specialness of Ed. C. I. 491. In my own weaving of the academic and the personal I valued feelings - the warm

pool of ideas circulating at the very depths of our mental lives. This was 'different' in a university setting; this was 'different' for me. There was a wonderful resonance in this difference. It was comfortable. It did not detract from the course 'content'; in, fact, it enhanced it.

I consciously invested time in nurturing the community that formed. I was honest, candid, encouraging, acknowledging of their strengths and accomplishments - even the subtlest ones. I valued trust and caring, provided space for growth of self, and invited students to exercise their intellects in applying it to their everyday lives. Most importantly, I asked of students only what I would ask of myself, expected them to experience only what I had experienced myself or would experience alongside them.[3] And I still covered the content prescribed in the syllabus!

In my own authentic actions to 'connect' our class - through art, drama, literature, response to literature, personal writing, open-ended philosophic discussions, and an ever-present intensity I was able to offer students the type of 'dislodging interaction to reflect upon' to which Maturana and Varela refer and do so in a caring and nurturing way. Most importantly, however, was the response. Ed. C I. 491 accepted the invitation, accepted the mood, accepted the challenge. They reciprocated. I 'felt' the love, the acceptance of "one another living beside 'us' in 'our' class meetings". This was no longer merely an intellectual idea. It was 'real'. My weekly log/letter/response to the whole group may well have contributed to the rise of our intellectual[4] community - a yin-ly community in which we could be, above all, honest:

> In order for reflection to occur, the oral and written forms of language must pass back and forth between persons who speak and listen or read and write - sharing, expanding, and reflecting on each other's experiences. Such interchanges lead to ways of knowing that enable individuals to enter into the social and intellectual life of their community (Belenky et al., 1986, p. 26).

Silence and Received Knowing

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[3] If evidence of this assertion is required I would put forth transformations of the feelings into forms such as personal songs, poems, home-made antipasto, cookies iced with special words such as 'risk-taking', 'love', 'critical thinking'. . .

[4] Latin - *intel-*, for *inter*, between; legere, to choose; a community that presents choice, discernment

Happily none of the students in Ed. C. I. 491 heard the world through 'silence', so lacking in self-respect that s/he dared not speak in the presence of anyone but the most intimate of friends. Through their experiences at university the students in Ed. C. I. 491 had to be, at least at the beginning of the course, received knowers. This was one of the few assumptions I dared make as a teacher, and I used it to shape my first class.[5] Over the fourteen weeks all members of the class would grow to respect *that* they knew.

> Women at this level find listening a challenging activity, a way of knowing. Most of them have passed from silence to discover that women know a lot.
>
> The ideas and ideals that these women hear in the words of others are concrete and dualistic. Things are right or wrong, true or false, good or bad, black or white. They assume that there is only one right answer to each question, and that all other answers and all contrary views are automatically wrong (Belenky et al., 1986, p. 37).

These characteristics were so salient in William Perry's description of this position that he named this outlook *dualism* (Perry, 1970). A few students wanted the comfort of dualistic thinking. They wanted the professor to profess, to know all the answers, to raise all of the questions, to make the decisions, to accept full responsibility for the course. My plea for 'faith' on the first day of class attempted to dislodge this expectation:

> At the beginning of the first class I ask my students to have faith and do what I ask for the first half of term, alerting them to the fact that I am very aware of how unconventional things seem, and almost guaranteeing them (wishing that I could guarantee but knowing that there can never be a guarantee!) that having done that, things will begin to come together. You see, I just cannot find a beginning. The order of ideas and experiences seems to be of little significance; it is their cumulative effect that matters. It is when all of the ideas and experiences are taken into consideration that things seem to happen - connections are made, signs of knowing begin to reveal themselves. . ."Things should come together," I tell my students. "They almost always do!" (personal journal entry)

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5 It is, in fact, during the first class that I call for voice. Students are asked to discuss five questions: What is literacy? What is schooling? What is education? How are schooling and education alike/different? How does literacy relate to schooling/education? We spend the rest of the term exploring these questions, how they relate to praxis, what triggered changing/evolving answers. Students were asked to re-examine their written responses to these questions at mid-term and at the end of term and to elaborate on any changes in conception, if they occur.

Subjective Knowing

Through the weekly written reflections, as well as in-class opportunities to write poetry, fiction, or memories, students were given opportunities to use, and if necessary, first find, their "inner voice". They yelled, whispered, screeched, talked, spoke, cried, and smiled. Those who found their voice for the first conscious moment were subjective knowers, "literally unsure if they really know what they know and if their achievements are genuinely deserved" (Belenky et al., 1986, p. 60).

> The shift into subjectivism is, we believe, a particularly significant shift for women when and if it occurs. Our reading of the women's stories leads us to conclude that as a woman becomes more aware of inner resources for knowing and valuing, as she begins to listen to the still small voice within her, she finds an inner source of strength. A major developmental transition follows that has repercussions in her relationships, self-concept and self-esteem, morality and behaviour. Women's growing reliance on their intuitive processes is, we believe, an important adaptive move in the service of self-protection, self-assertion, and self-definition. Women become their own authorities (Belenky et al., 1986, p. 54).

Subjective knowledge uses intuitive processes. Such ways of knowing are held in high esteem in many non-Western and non-technological societies. In Eastern religions and mystic philosophy, inner contemplation and intuitive understanding are primary routes to basic knowledge, if not to God. Western philosophers Spinoza and Bergson held that it is ONLY intuition that leads to the apprehension of ultimate reality (Belenky et al., 1986, p. 55). Our Western World, however, emphasizes rationalism and scientific thought:

> From the time of the Enlightenment in Germany, the soul was divided into three parts: thinking, willing, and feeling. Fundamentally, this third region of the psyche, like Plato's third class of men, was inferior. . . (H)ow wide and varied is the habit of separating things which existentially belong together (Reid, 1986, p. 15).

> The emphasis on rational thought in our culture is epitomized in Descarte's celebrated statement "*Cogito, ergo sum*" - "I think, therefore I exist" - which forcefully encouraged Western individuals to equate their identity with their rational mind rather than with their whole organism. We shall see that the effects of this division between mind and body are felt throughout our culture. Retreating into our minds, we have forgotten how to 'think' with our bodies, how to use them as agents of knowing. In doing so we have cut ourselves off from natural environment and have forgotten how to commune and cooperate with its rich variety of living organisms (Capra, 1982, p. 40).

For the subjectivist the discovery of voice marks a significant step into the retrieval of 'thinking' with our bodies. Through the confidence of their inner voice - their intuition - students begin to speak and write more confidently. They write more attentively, more absorbed in every word, and revise comments made in previous entries of weekly logs. They begin to address moral issues previously "taken for granted". They begin to see themselves as stronger, more capable people.

Many students referred to what Belenky et al.. call the "good girl's" life:

> Life appears to be rich in opportunity, yet the "good girl's" own life may seem suddenly dull and impoverished. Although she senses that she is free to control her destiny, she does not feel in control or able to take the risks that experimentation entails. Neither her parents nor society seem *to her* to support risk taking in women. This is the kind of woman whose parents tell her to develop enough marketable skills so that she will have something to fall back on if her husband loses his job, dies, or divorces her (Belenky et al., 1986, p. 65). (*my emphasis*)

Several subjectivist students began to experience frustration and disorder. Their experiences, readings, the lectures of their professors seemed to conflict. There was no common message. Some remained in this state of chaos, ever searching, grappling for order; some temporarily dismissed the experiences as 'cognitive blindspots'; others concluded that there were multiple truths.

> These women reveal that their epistemology has shifted away from an earlier assumption of "truth from above" to a belief in multiple truths. The form that multiplicity (subjectivism) takes in these women, however, is not at all the masculine assertion that "I have a RIGHT to my opinion"; rather, it is the modest, inoffensive statement, "It's just my opinion." Their intent is to communicate to others the limits, not the power, of their own opinions, perhaps because they want to preserve their attachment to others, not dislodge them (Belenky et al., 1986, p. 66).

At least one student of Ed. C I. 491 began as a hidden multiplist, fully aware of what the educational system rewards and punishes. She rarely participated in class discussions, but addressed the same issues in great detail in her own weekly log. "Hidden multiplists can be silently alienated from the educational process, knowing somehow that their conformity is a lie and does not reveal the inner truth or potential that they have recently come to value" (Belenky et al., 1986, p.

67). Only near the end of term did she begin to speak, and the content left me with the distinct impression that in her weekly writing she voiced ideas and feelings from *all* of her courses. The manner in which this course was taught gave this hidden multiplist an opportunity to speak out and be heard - to more fully participate in intellectual life.

For much of the term the subjectivist women in Ed. C. I. 491 searched for their own comfort zone - a voice that was authentic and yet one with which they felt comfortable in the impersonal environment of the university. They began to distinguish their feelings and the 'facts' that they had read or heard:

> Truth, for subjective knowers, is an intuitive reaction - something experienced, not thought out, something felt rather than actively pursued or constructed. These women do not see themselves as part of the process, constructors of truth, but as conduits through which truth emerges. The criterion for truth they most often refer to is "satisfaction" or "what feels comfortable to me". They do not mention that rational procedures play a part in the search for truth.
>
> Occasionally women distinguish between truth as *feelings* that come from within and *ideas* that come from without. This differentiation between thinking and feeling thus appears for the first time during the period of subjective knowing. This split, for women, may be a consequence of their belief that thinking is not womanly or that thought will destroy the capacity for feeling. Thus they relegate ideas to male authority and, as such, the ideas may or may not have relevance to their lives (Belenky et al., 1986, p. 69) (*original emphasis*). (my emphasis)

A few of these subjective knowers continued to change their epistemological stance. Many of them reported about "their first time" - the first time they had ever taken a course like this, the first time they had ever been so honest with anyone - including themselves, the first time they had ever felt that they could trust their professor, and many of their classmates, the first time that they took risks, tried and were not punished.

> Along with their reported sense of being newly born were significant indicators of an impetus toward action, change, and risk-taking. They seemed propelled by an inner fire, communicating to us a feeling of exhilaration and optimism as they plunged ahead . . . (Belenky et al., 1986, p. 83).

A few of these women became disenchanted with the class discussions in the latter weeks of the course. They became angry with their fellow classmates for not speaking up or speaking out. They knew that these students had voices; why didn't they exercise them? Why such displays of cowardice?

> Some women described feeling either a petulant, private resentment of others or self-admonishment for being so unassertive (Belenky et al., 1986, p. 84).

The reflective weekly writings of many class members became autobiographical. Stories of their mothers, grandmothers, children, husbands and boyfriends began to fill the pages of their weekly logs:

> But what seems distinctive in these women is that their strategies for knowing grow out of their very embeddedness in human relationships and their alertness to the details of everyday life. Subjectivist women value what they see and hear around them and begin to feel a need to understand the people with whom they live and who impinge on their lives. Though they may be emotionally or intellectually isolated from others at this point in their history, they begin to actively analyze their past and current interactions with others (Belenky et al., 1986, p. 85-86).

Procedural Knowing: The Voice of Reason

Most members of Ed. C I. 491 were 'closet' procedural knowers. Except for never having really *exercised* their voice, they had passed out of subjective knowing. They were not representative of the position in which not evidence, reason, expert judgement, context, principle or purpose matters (Belenky et al., 1986, pp.76-89). In fact, most were quite accustomed to defending every word they ever wrote in a university setting.

> First, all women encountered situations in which their old ways of knowing were challenged. The stories many women told began when authorities attempted to inflict their opinions in areas in which the women believed they had a right to their own opinions. The conflict was between the absolutist dictates of the authorities and the women's own subjectivism. At the time the women experienced the conflict not as an invitation to growth but as an attempt to stifle their inner voices and draw them back into a world of silent obedience (Belenky et al., 1986, p. 88).

Perhaps because these education students had been so immersed in the ideas of Piaget, Vygotsky and other developmental psychologists, or perhaps because, as language students, they were aware of the process-approach to language arts, or perhaps because of their own intellectual maturity, the tone of the entries in the personal journals of these women sounded like that of procedural knowers.

> The notion of "ways of looking" is central to the procedural knowledge position. It builds upon the subjectivist insight that different people have - and have a right to have - different opinions, but it goes beyond the idea of opinions as the static residue of experience. Women . . . perceive of knowledge as a process. They believe that each of us looks at the world through a different lens, that each of us construes the world differently. They are interested not just in *what* people think but in *how* people go about forming their opinions and feelings and ideas (Belenky et al., 1986, p. 97).

Within the epistemological position of procedural knowing Belenky et al. identify two distinct groups - separate knowers and connected knowers. Ed. C. I. 491 was schizophrenic. The university had trained us all to become separate knowers - like the men who originally formed the university and shaped most of the traditions of Western intellectual thought imbibed in that institution.

> Separate knowers are tough-minded. They are like doormen at exclusive clubs They don't want to let anything in unless they are pretty sure it is good. . . . (Belenky et al., 1986, p. 104).

> Presented with a proposition, separate knowers immediately look for something wrong - a loophole, a factual error, a logical contradiction, the omission of contrary evidence (Belenky et al., 1986, p. 104).

> In accepting authorities' standards, separate knowers make themselves vulnerable to their criticism. The authorities have a right to find fault with the reasoning of separate knowers; and since there is nothing personal in their criticism, the separate knowers must accept it with equanimity. On the other hand, separate knowers move toward a collegial relationship with the authorities. Armed with new powers of reason, separate knowers can criticize the reasoning authorities. Laws, not men, govern the world of separate knowers, at least in theory. Authority is nonarbitrary; it rests on reason rather than power or status. Anyone who speaks with the voice of reason - even a peasant or a student - has a right to be heard; and anyone who does not, whether a king or a professor, has no right to be heard. Experts are only as good as their arguments. . . (Belenky et al., 1986, p. 107).

> Often, the primary purpose of their words is not to express personally meaningful ideas but to manipulate the listener's reactions, and they see the listener not as an ally in conversation but as a potentially hostile judge. . ."You learn how to sound like you know what you're talking about, even if you don't" (Belenky et al., 1986, p. 108).

> . . .the purpose of discussion was to provide data that authority could use for evaluation (Belenky et al., 1986, p. 108).

> To be objective, here, means to speak dispassionately, to exclude your own concerns and to adopt a perspective that your adversaries may respect, as in their own self-interest. It also means to exclude *all* feelings, including those of the adversary, examining the issue from a strictly pragmatic, strategic point of view (Belenky et al., 1986, p. 109).

Separate knowing is in a sense the opposite of subjectivism. The sometimes heated debates/discussions during class meetings of Ed. C. I 491, between groups or tables of students, may well have been reactions to the tensions that opposites often attract.

> While subjectivists assume that everyone is right, separate knowers assume that everyone - including themselves - may be wrong. If something feels right to subjectivists they assume it to *be* right. Separate knowers, on the other hand, are especially suspicious of ideas that feel right; they feel a special obligation to examine such ideas critically, whether the ideas originate in their own heads or come from someone else. Francis Bacon advised men to avoid "whatever the mind seizes and dwells upon with peculiar satisfaction". . . (Belenky et al., 1986, p. 104).

"There is a chilling academic quality to this position. . . Listening to these women we were reminded of meetings of committees evaluating research proposals, in which the entire discussion centers on the methodology and no attention is paid to the significance of the problem" (Belenky et al., 1986, p. 96). Students in this epistemological position often enjoyed putting students or professors "on the spot". Form dominated content and they were relentless about defense.

> Now, they argue that intuitions may deceive; that gut reactions can be irresponsible and no one's gut feeling is infallible; that some truths are truer than others; that they can know things they have never seen or touched; that truth can be shared; and that expertise can be respected. The change in voice is striking (Belenky et al., 1986, p. 93).

Female students, like myself, spent most of their university life yearning for acknowledgement from a professor. In the yang-dominated world of the university acknowledgement of adversaries was the "common ground " of separate knowing. Once there, we would bask in friendly arguments.

> This is not the common ground of genuine colleagues. The teacher has not, in the words of radical educator Paulo Freire, become a genuine "partner of the students", a "student among students". The teachers still wield the power: They write the rules of the game and rate the players' performances. But teachers and students can now speak a common language, and they can at least play at being colleagues.
>
> Separate knowers use these new skills to defend themselves against authorities in their lives. As students, they use their new skills to construct essays that they submit to authorities for evaluation in an attempt to demonstrate that they have mastered the requisite skills and so defend themselves against the teacher's doubts. In their academic lives students sometimes come to feel like pawns in the doubting game. They are the "something" put on trial to see whether or not "it" is wanting. . . (Belenky et al., 1986, p. 107).

University survival seemed based on adversaries. Even though a part of me knew that arguments are not between *persons* but between *positions*, I was always cautious, always worrying about someone getting hurt. Like the women in Women's Ways of Knowing I sometimes felt that I could argue only with strangers; other times only with my most intimate friends. "In both situations, . . . arguing feels relatively safe, because it does not threaten the dissolution of relationships" (Belenky et al., 1986, p. 105).

Despite the academic rewards offered by separate knowing we lived connected knowing in most other parts of our lives - with families, friends, in our employment, with our thoughts, hopes, and desires.

> Connected knowing builds on the subjectivists' conviction that the most trustworthy knowledge comes from personal experience rather than the pronouncements of authorities. Among extreme subjectivists this conviction can lead to the view that they can know only their own truths, access to another person's knowledge being impossible.
>
> Connected knowers develop procedures for gaining access to other people's knowledge. At the heart of these procedures is the capacity of empathy. Since knowledge comes from experience, the only way they can hope to understand another person's ideas is to try to share the experience that has led the person to form the idea. . .

> Connected knowers know that they can only approximate other people's experiences and so can gain only limited access to their knowledge. . .
>
> And, while women frequently do experience doubting as a game, believing feels real to them, perhaps because it is found upon genuine care and because it promises to reveal the kind of truth they value - truth that is personal, particular, and grounded in firsthand experience. . . (Belenky et al., 1986, pp. 112-113).

Our community began as a group of believers, not doubters. Anything that the students wrote in their personal logs was accepted. No red pen re-sculptured 'their' words, 'their' thoughts, 'their' ideas, though my pencil regularly thanked them for their honesty. After a few entries the pencil also began to raise questions - about inconsistencies in their writing: "You said this earlier. Now you say that. Which one is it? Why? How do you know for sure?"

> Connected knowers begin with an interest in the facts of other people's lives, but they gradually shift the focus to other people's ways of thinking. As in all procedural knowing, it is the form rather than the content of knowing that is central. Separate knowers learn through explicit formal instruction how to adopt a different lens - how, for example, to think like a sociologist. Connected knowers learn through empathy. Both learn to get out from behind their own eyes and use a different lens, in one case the lens of a discipline, in the other the lens of another person (Belenky et al., 1986, p. 115).

So, how did "teachers" think? about what, and why? What were the roots - the experiential, value-laden roots - of these thoughts? What did their non-material dimension of reality look, sound, and feel like? It is so obvious to me now that *I* began this course with ideas and attitudes distinctly rooted in procedural knowledge - as both a separate and connected knower. I must confess, however, that in structuring Ed. C. I. 491, in planning and teaching the course, I was trusting the guidance of an inner whisper that 'felt' right more than my conscious voice of reason, without, of course, ignoring the latter. I was resisting allowing thought to dominate feeling. I was allowing feeling in - to in-form me, to give my life and my teaching shape.

All of the courses I had taught up to this point in time found me desperate in the final weeks of the course. The role of evaluator was approaching. I used to tell the students that they did the evaluating - by the quality of their work, by the priorities they set. But I think - no, I now know - that this was just a mask. I was sick to my stomach about evaluating. I wrote long passages to my students about my discomfort with this aspect of the course. I was like the procedural knowers

who ask: "If truth and value are matters of purely personal opinion, how can teachers presume to judge students? Specifically, what right do teachers have to grade students' opinions?" (Belenky et al., 1986, p. 89). "Connected knowers do not measure other people's words by some impersonal standard. Their purpose is not to judge but to understand" (Belenky et al., 1986, p. 116).

> The thought of having to grade your papers still haunts me. Will you know that the number has nothing to do with how I see you as human beings? Will you know that it cannot possibly reflect what you put into the assignment, or your real progress? Will you know that only you can really evaluate yourselves? You know what kind of a priority this assignment was in your life at the time you were doing it. You know how much time you invested in it. You know how well you write. You know whether or not you do anything about improving. Will you feel disappointment with the results of the assignment instead of pride? Will the difference between the mark and your expectation be just enough to convince you that you shouldn't try so hard next time - it couldn't be worth it!?? Will you become angry, pouty, depressed and begin to take it out on the people that you really care about, not to mention me? (Personal journal entry to students)

I was completely at odds with the university game of "say what the prof wants to hear". It contradicted all that I stood for and invested energy in during my first years of teaching in elementary school and at the university. I directed students away from the position of "pleasing" and towards one of stating what they really thought and defending that position. I craved authentic defenses - no, I demanded them. Thought is not based on repeating the jargon words in a meaningless way, Learning is not finding out what the prof wants and giving it to him/her. But my demands had been grounded in judgement. Judgements didn't work. They seemed to alienate some students. They alienated me. Judgements didn't achieve the kind of community in which I wanted to live. They were not conducive to love, to accepting one another in daily living. I was fed up with judgement: doesn't anyone understand?

> By *understanding* we mean something akin to the German word *kennen*, the French *connaitre*, the Spanish *conocer*, or the Greek *gnosis*, implying personal acquaintance with an object (usually but not always a person). Understanding involves intimacy and equality between self and object, while *knowledge (wissen, savoir, saber)* implies separation from the object and mastery over it. Understanding. . . entails acceptance. It precludes evaluation, because evaluation puts the object at a distance, places the self above it, and quantifies a response to the object that should remain qualitative . . .
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> In Perry's (1970) account of intellectual development, the student discovers critical reasoning as "how They (the upper case "T" symbolizing authority - here, the professors) want us to think," how students must think in order to win the academic game. The student

> uses this new mode of thinking to construct arguments powerful enough to meet the standards of an impersonal authority. . . Viewed from a distance, at least, these women might almost be men. . . In an attempt to achieve a kind of harmony with another person in spite of difference and distance, women . . .try to enter the other person's frame to discover the premises for the other's point of view. The other may be a teacher but is more likely to be a peer and may be a long-dead poet. The focus is not on how They want you to think, as in Perry's account, but on how they (the lower case "t" symbolizing more equal status) think; and the purpose is not justification but connection (Belenky et al., 1986, p. 101).

In my previous years of undergraduate teaching we had often discussed fairness. "Who said the world - the university - was fair?" I would rhetorically ask. Rules versus consideration was often the topic of debate. This, too, is indicative of procedural knowing:

> People who experience the self as predominantly separate tend to espouse a morality based on impersonal procedures for establishing justice, while people who experience the self as predominantly connected tend to espouse a morality based on care . . . Similarly, we posit two contrasting epistemological orientations: a separate epistemology, based upon impersonal procedures for establishing truth, and a connected epistemology, in which truth emerges through care. As the philosopher Nel Noddings says, "In the intellectual domain, our caring represents a quest for understanding" (1984, p. 169) (Belenky et al., 1986, p.102). . .

Even as I write now I am conscious of the proceduralist in me and work to keep this voice in control - to neither whisper nor shout:

> Women who rely on procedural knowledge are systematic thinkers in more than one sense of the term. Their thinking is encapsulated within systems. They can criticize a system, but only in the system's terms, only according to the system's standards. Women at this position may be liberals or conservatives, but they cannot be radicals. If, for example, they are feminists, they want equal opportunities for women within the capitalistic structure; they do not question the premises of structure. When these women speak of "beating the system", they do not mean violating its expectations but rather exceeding them (Belenky et al., 1986, p.127).
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> Procedural knowers feel like chameleons; they cannot help but take on the color of any structure they inhabit. In order to assume their own true colors, they must detach themselves from the relationships and institutions to which they have been subordinated (Belenky et al., 1986, p.129).

How could I detach myself from an institution and still engage in the act-ivity I so loved - teaching? It is probably not surprising that I spent very little time on campus in the years to which I have alluded. I arrived to prepare for class, to teach, to collect my mail, to conference with

students, to attend doctoral classes, to borrow and return library books, and to listen to select guest speakers. I left immediately thereafter. I would say that I had parking, babysitting problems, and I did. But in truth, I found campus life paralyzing. I had to get away from that environment to think about it.

Constructive Knowing: Integrating the Voices

We are all constructivists, always constructing our own view of reality. The constructivist position, however, is occupied by the *conscious* being. At the time in my life when I taught Ed. C. I. 491 I was still gathering experiences to reflect upon and nurture the emergence of this consciousness.

> As women move out of procedural knowing, they begin to put more faith in unjustifiable intuitions than they once did. But they do not abandon reason. They are aware that reason is necessary; but they know, too, that it is insufficient, that to ignore the role of feeling in making judgements is to be guilty of something like "romantic rationalism" (Nodding, 1984, p. 3) What is needed is not reversion to sheer feeling but some integration of feeling and thinking. The task is clear, although the solution is not (Belenky et al., 1986, pp. 129-130).

Up to this point in the dissertation I have probably given the impression that there was a superiority in the yin-ly character of Ed. C I. 491 - that being made up of mostly women made it better than a group with a different male-female distribution. This is not the sense that I want to convey.

> According to Chinese wisdom, none of the values pursued by our culture is intrinsically bad, but by isolating them from their polar opposites, by focussing on the yang and investing it with moral virtue and political power, we have brought about the current sad state of affairs. Our culture takes pride in being scientific; our time is referred to as the Scientific Age. It is dominated by rational thought, and scientific knowledge is often considered the only acceptable kind of knowledge. That there can be intuitive knowledge, or awareness, which is just as valid and reliable, is generally not recognized. This attitude, known as scientism, is widespread, pervading our educational system and all other social and political institutions (Capra, 1982, p.39).

Men and women may well both fall into the epistemological positions described by Belenky et al.. (though to my knowledge no data about men has yet been published). What is important to note is

that in teaching this particular group of students, which coincidentally was made up of 34 women and one man, there was an openness to the yin-ly nature of my teaching and that the results of student ideas and growth that I was able to record (primarily in the form of their weekly writings) reveals epistemological positions which correspond to those described in Women's Ways of Knowing. I am indeed curious, as no doubt are you, to see data that would show how modern men's ways of seeing the world compares. This, in fact, will be addressed in the closing remarks of the dissertation. All this being said, I am obliged to acknowledge my body's thinking, namely, that the presence of 35 women in a classroom may have brought together a certain energy that 35 men, or some other distribution of males and females may not have.[6]

As a constructivist I seek a trustworthy level of emotionality. I , like others (Belenky et al., 1986, p.133), try to listen for a voice of integration within myself that prompts me to find a place for reason *and* intuition *and* the expertise of others. I try to keep my inner experiences and inner self alive:

> The paths taken by (each woman) in the process of self-reclamation were as varied as their backgrounds; but all went through a period of intense self-reflection and self-analysis when they chose to "move outside the given" by removing themselves psychologically, and at times even geographically, from all that they had known. . .[They want to imitate] "the doers", those "who bridge the chasm that lies between the safe inadequacy of what they've been taught and the fulfillment that they certainly sense will exist on the other side. . . [Koller:] If I could learn how to see with my own eyes, I'd be able to make a comparable leap, leaving behind everybody else's rules. . . . I don't know how to use my own evidence. I don't know what counts as evidence. . . I don't know what to look for inside me. I don't know how to identify *that* I'm feeling something, let alone give it a name. I think I've been anaesthetized, deadened (1983, pp. 94, 111-112) (from Belenky et al., 1986, p. 135).

I had been so anaesthetized to my inner world that I could not trust my inner voice when it began to speak. I felt like a subjectivist - sometimes desiring to reject authority and the influence of others, always wanting to control my own destiny, but also to remain in charge of my decisions, to act and to accept the full consequences of those actions.

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6 After all, for women to examine their lives in this society is hetero-intellectual; for men it is homo-intellectual.

> Yet there is a difference between subjectivists and budding constructivists as they turn inward away from others. For subjectivists, the self is nascent and amorphous; the inner voice is a new experience. They must ignore other voices so that they can nurture the seeds of the self. They often dismiss or deny other people and other realities. For women shifting into the position of constructed knowledge, an inner voice and self exist but may have had a minimum of attention, particularly if the women have learned the lesson of "weeding out the self", which our academic institutions so often teach. During the transition into a new way of knowing, there is an impetus to allow the self back into the process of knowing, to confront the pieces of the self that may be experienced as fragmented and contradictory.
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> During the process of self-examination, women feel heightened consciousness and sense of choice about "how I want to think" and "how I want to be". They develop a narrative sense of self - past and future. They do not want to dismiss former ways of knowing so much as they want to stay alert to the fact that different perspectives and different points in time produce different answers. They begin to express an interest in personal history of ideas . . .
>
> Women . . . become aware of how truths even within the self are mutable - a matter of personal history, circumstance, and timing - and how internal truths may conflict and change with time. . .
>
> Women constructivists show a high tolerance for internal contradiction and ambiguity. They abandon completely the either/or thinking so common to the previous positions described. They recognize the inevitability of conflict and stress and, although they may hope to achieve some respite, they also, as one woman explained, "learn to live with conflict or simplify their lives. Erica would not, for instance, turn away from the responsibilities of friendship so that the student in her could flourish. Kay knew she would not turn away from her role as a daughter as she pursued a career. These women want to embrace all the pieces of the self in some ultimate sense of the whole - daughter, friend, mother, lover, nurturer, thinker, artist, advocate. They want to avoid what they perceive to be a shortcoming in many men - the tendency to compartmentalize thought and feeling, home and work, self and other. In women, there is an impetus to try to deal with life, internal and external, in all its complexity. And they want to develop a voice of their own to communicate to others their understanding of life's complexity (Belenky et al., 1986, pp. 134-137).

I began to see 'respect' differently. It was harder to "earn" my respect. Inconsistencies between someone's adversarial prowess and their human values, at least as I perceived them, could no longer be veiled. Inconsideration was too blatant to reward, to even an outstanding talent. In my student act-ivist years I had met too many human rights activists who showed little respect for human beings in their midst, too many professors who talked *about* teaching, but never practiced what they preached.

One woman "said that the good expert was "somebody whose answers reflect the complexity I know the situation holds."... (H)ow important it was to her that the theories and recommendations of experts were grounded in real life and the data of the everyday. Experts had to reveal that they "listened" to people and gave equal weight to experience and abstraction. An expert's experience had to resonate with hers. Whereas at other positions ambiguity can be deeply troubling, constructivists . . . are not troubled by ambiguity and are enticed by complexity (Belenky et al., 1986, p. 139).

Maybe I can now better understand why the *form* of documentary appealed to me:

Most constructivist women feel that women have a special *responsibility to try to communicate to both men and women how they view things and why they value what they do,* even though they feel that their words may fall on deaf ears (Belenky et al., 1986, p.147). (*my emphasis*)

Constructivists establish a communion with what they are trying to understand. They use the *language of intimacy to describe the relationship between the knower and the known.* (Belenky et al., 1986, p. 143). (*my emphasis*)

We have already noted that *question posing is central* to the constructivist way of knowing. It is also at the heart of the responsibility orientation. . .[of women]. . .but that is rarely noted in the rights orientation to *morality* (Belenky et al., 1986, p.149). (my emphasis)

Philosopher Michael Polanyi writes about "personal knowledge" as being "*the passionate participation of the knower in the act of knowing*" (1958, p.viii). Feminist Barbara Du Bois writes of "passionate scholarship" as being "*science-making, [which is] rooted in, animated by and expressive of our values*" (1983, p.113). What we are calling passionate knowing is the elaborated form connected knowing takes after women learn to use the self as an instrument of understanding. In the earlier form of connected knowing . . . opening up to ideas or people is stressed as a *procedure* for knowing, but the relative lack of self-knowledge prevents women from finding points of connection between what they are trying to understand and their own experience. Among women thinking as constructivists, connected knowing is not simply an "objective" procedure but a way of weaving their passions and intellectual life into some recognizable whole. For women, at least, once they include the self, they use connected "passionate" knowing as the predominant mode for understanding, regardless of whether separate or connected procedures for knowing had been emphasized in the past (Belenky et al., 1986, pp. 141-142). (my emphasis)

For constructivists, the moral response is a caring response. The theme of "caring for people" echoed throughout their interviews (although this was a major concern of many women at other positions). In the case of constructivists, this *motive even affects the definition of a "good opinion": "The only good opinion is a humanistic one, one that shows an immense respect for the world and the people in it and for those you are going to affect." An opinion is more than an exercise of the intellect. It is a commitment; it is something to live by. "I don't take on an opinion as my own unless I have really thought about it and believe in it. Once I do, I really would fight for something I believe in." The constructivists' conviction that they must care and develop "an affinity for the world and the people in it" drives the formation of commitments and eventual action.* As Sara Ruddick

says, "I now care about my thinking and think about what I care about - about lives and what endangers them" (Belenky et al., 1986, pp.149-150). (my emphasis)

As a female constructivist I approach my work in a certain way:

Women tend *not to rely as readily or as exclusively on hypothetico-deductive inquiry, which posits an answer (the hypothesis) prior to the data collection, as they do on examining basic assumptions and the conditions in which a problem is cast.* (Belenky et al.,, 1986, p. 139). (my emphasis)

In the fifth epistemological position "women were all articulate and reflective people. They noticed what was going on with others and *cared about the lives of people about them. They were intensely self-conscious, in the best sense of the word - aware of their own thought, their judgements, their moods and desires.* Each concerned herself with issues of inclusion and exclusion, separation and connection; each struggled to find a *balance of extremes in her life.* Each was ambitious and fighting to find her own voice - her own way of expressing what she knew and cared about. Each wanted her voice and actions to make a difference to other people and in the world. Although (not all) might jump so high as Freud or Darwin to invent new theories that "change everything for everyone", all had learned the profound lesson that even the most ordinary human being is engaged in the construction of knowledge. "To understand," as Jean Piaget (1973) said, "is to invent" (Belenky et al., 1986, p. 133). (my emphasis)

For constructivist women, simple questions are as rare as simple answers. Constructivists can take, and often insist upon *taking, a position outside a particular context or frame of reference and look back on "who" is asking the question, "why" the question is asked at all, and "how" answers are arrived at.* They no longer dutifully try to come up with answers when questions are asked. "You're asking the wrong question!" we often heard them say. "Your question is out of context"(Belenky et al., 1986, p. 139). (my emphasis)

Women pose questions to themselves *about themselves.* Sometimes they frame the problem in terms of *identity*, asking "Who am I? What is my life about?" Sometimes the question is cast primarily in *epistemological* terms and the women ask, "In what way am I going to approach the world as a learner?" And sometimes the issue is seen more in *moral* terms. "What are the rights and responsibilities that I have to myself and others? On what basis can I *choose* when these conflict?" Whatever the focus, a thoroughgoing self-examination at this juncture leads to the construction of a way of thinking about knowledge, truth, and self that guides the person's intellectual and moral life and personal commitments (Belenky et al., 1986, p. 136). (my emphasis)

"Connecting" Epistemology and Documentary

This now leads me back to my entangled bedsheet. What will my documentary be *about*?

Within the intellectual community of Ed. C I. 491, grounded in a variety of epistemological stances,

what united us? Trust. Honesty. And caring. It was to these invisible presences we all contributed and, although often unconsciously, remained dedicated. Our classroom was filled with risk-takers and courage-needers. Our bodies tingled, our eyes wept as we listened to each others' stories - our personal writings of significant moments in our lives. We held hands, we touched, we embraced. We empathised, we accepted. All of this was necessary. Necessary because below all of this risk-taking, in each of us, dwelt FEAR.

Fear occupies the basement of the skyscraper of life and experience. He is the very foundation upon which the entire structure is built. One of his bricks may be removed, but it does not bruise him. Even as the cement that supports the foundation is chiselled away, fear still flexes his muscles, and even when the building falls, fear is only at rest. The foundation still remains, deep in the bowels of the earth. My documentary will be about fear and the courageous moments of putting it to rest. It will be about the frailty and incompleteness of human understanding and communication - of communicating first with self, of finding voice, of speaking up, of speaking to others, of crushing inconsistencies, of finding inner harmony. It will be about creativity - creating or constructing one's own building in a way to be as little dependent on the basement of fear as possible.

> "It is not surprising that where fear has gone disguised among us we have many times failed to penetrate its disguises and, treating it as something else, have mistreated it as fear.
>
> It is not surprising that there are among us more hiders than skilled and generous seekers of those who hide in lonely "places apart".
>
> It is not surprising that almost all of us have, in greater or lesser degree, substituted the mock asecurity of power over others for the genuine security we have not known how to gain: that of creative spontaneity and mutual good will" (Overstreet, 1951, p.15).

IV. THE DOCUMENTARY

PAN: the inside of a warm and comfortable living room - with a hearth blazing, interesting books scattered about a coffee table and two comfortable wing back chairs. The camera zooms to a window in this room. Raindrops patter on the sill and a few droplets run down the pane, meeting and dissolving other droplets. The poem appears on the screen against the backdrop of the window pane. Lightning strikes as the reader reads the final line of the poem.

> What are fears but voices airy?
> Whispering harm where harm is not.
> And deluding the unwary
> Till the fatal bolt is shot!
>
> - William Wordsworth -

CUT TO:

film title: FEAR: A DOCUMENTARY ABOUT WOMEN AND SELF-EXPRESSION
small white letters on a black screen appear in centre of screen and scroll forward , magnifying in size, to take up the whole space.

CUT TO:

Half shots/portraits of 34 women whose stories are told in this documentary. It is the first night of a university night class. They are nervous, apprehensive, unchattery. They have a look of anticipation - waiting for the prof to enter and wondering what/who he or she is.

NARRATOR: (female voice - soft, but authoritative) The unspoken, the unseen, the unknown, the unheardof, the untouched, the unfelt, the unexperienced, the undone, the unimagined - these invisible presences penetrate our bodies, minds and souls. They invade us, enshroud us, and sometimes conquer us. We often fear what we do not know and then, in a shocking gasp become more afraid *that* we do not know. Krishnamurti considers the overcoming of fear - of doubt, mistrust, apprehension, uneasiness about probability - the essence of education. "It is in our understanding of ourselves," he claims, "that fear comes to an end" (1953, p.15). What are the fears of women teachers and learners? What, if anything, helps them to conquer their fears? What impact do their fears have on their teaching, their students, our education system?

The titles of this decade's best sellers identify many of our phobias. Advice on how to cope with, or overcome, fears of physical phenomena such as small spaces, heights, and darkness is generous. Self-help books to cope with flying, crowds, and aloneness are generous. But the fears to which Krishnamurti refers are much less talked about. Perhaps because they are not so

legitimate, we store them up deep within us and to them we add the additional fear of being found out.

CUT TO:

Prof in her office. The office desk has books scattered on its surface. Assignments are piled in one corner. A jade plant is gasping for breath in a corner. There is no window in this office. A few children's drawings hang on the wall. The Canadian Charter of Rights is at eye level beside the desk.

Prof: My students are full of fears, both of a personal and potentially professional nature. But then so am I. Maybe that's why I can talk about it. Actually overcoming my fears keeps me going. I feel like I'm growing, changing, becoming something more than I was.

CUT TO:

A photo montage of classroom scenes. The 34 women in the class are dramatizing - they create letters with their bodies. The letters, side by side, form words: cat, book. Several shots of groups of four re-enacting Little Red Riding Hood, The Three Little Pigs, . . . Women mimethat they are carrying heavy rocks over to a centre area in which the Egyptian pyramids are being built. . . A group of basketball stars imagine that they are running down the court, passing the ball, dribbling, and one student moves in for a jump shot. . . A pair of women are "mirroring" - deeply concentrating on the movements of their partners and imitating them by maintaining eye contact. . . A group looks at the personal creation of abstract art on a slide. The art is created with shampoo, food coloring, and a hair. A swirling image appears on screen and students try to name it. . . One student is presenting a talk to a dozen others. She uses props such as books and children's art to make her point. . .

NARRATOR: In a non-threatening, caring, and trusting environment students begin to expose their fears. No matter how they construe their world - how intellectually mature they are, no matter how rich and varied or safe and secure their lived experiences, they all - we all - fear fear. The focus on self - on identity, on values, beliefs, thoughts, significant moments in the past, the roots of future aspirations - is one way of identifying our fears. Once identified - by self, a friend, a personal mentor or a caring teacher - students can work to overcome their fears - most often through some sense of support. Then, what seems to emerge, is a more confident, more responsible, more morally conscious, more articulate, and more enthusiastic human being. They begin to question more, see more complexity in the big "issues" of life. They begin to see choice in their lives. They become more creative, more confident.

CUT TO:

Prof in her office. Then cut to one student - Irene - writing in her bedroom - lacy curtains and bedspread, a corner of stuffed animals, a bulletin board of pictures and cards beside her desk. She sits at her desk, comfortably leaning over a paper. She writes a few words, crumples up the paper and throws it in the garbage can. She starts a new sheet but ends up in the same frustration. She gets up, leaves her room as the camera follows, appearing to be on her right shoulder. She goes to the coffee pot, pours herself some coffee, opens the fridge door, takes out some milk, pours the milk into her cup, mixes the coffee, heads back down the corrior to her bedroom, sits down and starts to write again. A few words appear. She sits back and thinks. Then she writes a few more words. There is a tension in the air.

Prof: My students fear self-expression - through writing, drama, art, or poetry. To express themselves is to expose themselves. This is a risk that most believe can only lead to failure. When they pick up their pens their minds coagulate - fear invades and paralyzes their thoughts. To write has been to provide the enemy with its weapon - it is suicidal. Writing leads to failure. These adult students fear standing out, taking a stand - being alone. Their fear of themselves is revealed in their lack of self-confidence and self-respect. They yearn to be acknowledged - rewarded for their courage. Writing takes courage - courage to listen, to speak, to protect, to expose, to try. . .

CUT TO:

Irene - same student as in previous scene - hands in her writing. The prof accepts it and smiles.

CUT TO:

Prof curled up in a big chair at home, reading the student's writing. Her look is intense. She "feels" the entire story.

CUT TO:

Prof in her office discussing the writing with Irene .

CUT TO:

Irene is standing in front of the class reading a piece of personal writing - proud and excited about sharing.

NARRATOR: Over a three-month period many fears can be identified and overcome. Discovering the complexity of self, experiencing the unexpected, and confronting ambiguity create an avalanche that stamp out the fear. The pen becomes a weapon to destroy fear. To write is to be free - to come face to face with who you are, to finally know. To write is to stand alone - to be confident, self-respecting, self-accepting. To write is to invite reaction - to share one's ideas. To write is to make

decisions and accept responsibility - with no scapegoats. To write is to discover what you do not know and feel relief that there is still so much to learn.

CUT TO:

A montage of group shots follows. They show these same women working together - holding hands and singing children's songs, helping to explain to one another assignments, laughing over a coffee, sitting together and listening to one another in group discussions, absorbed by the communication.

Narrator: Adult students have great doubts about themselves. Ultimately they fear change... Their teacher understands. She has not transcended all of her fears either; though she has lived through most of the same ones that her students identify. She writes about her fears, choosing to mask them in fiction and poetry. How much is real and how much is fiction? Both are HER reality.

CUT TO:

Prof in her office. Camera zooms to a close-up of her face.

Prof: In our three months together each member of the class overcame some fear. This is our story - a documentary montage. Although inspired by the spirit of our group this montage ultimately becomes the expression of its director - me. It really is how I experienced my student's fear of self-expression.

CUT TO:

First five minutes of class. The prof is handing out student journals/logs. She chats with each student as she circulates to their seats. Students, in the meantime have collected her personal log to them from off of the front table. They begin to read it immediately. Thus there is an intense quiet behind the intimate interaction of instructor with each student.

Prof: I cover a syllabus - a curriculum - a body of knowledge about specific content and skills. But I am discovering more and more that much of the act of teaching is an expression of relationships. In teaching I make assumptions about my students and relate to them in a certain way. They reciprocate, usually relating to me in the same manner that I initiate. If I start with a mood of humour, the class feels free to make jokes. If I start on a serious note, profound statements will be

made. If I can somehow combine the two, everyone seems happier. The mood I set in the first minutes of the very first class affect the tone of the entire course.

Narrator: In the next two hours you will witness how teachers and adult learners experience one another. The roots of what makes students uncomfortable will be identified. The importance of that discomfort along with the ways of minimalizing it will be discussed. Elusive conditions such as love, caring, nurturing, trust, honesty, shock, and acknowledgement will be addressed. The trans-fer or trans-form-ation of the experience of relationship into the lives of these adults as they then work with children will also be our focus. The process that is revealed is one aimed at squelching fear.

CUT TO:

The camera is in the middle of the room. It scans the classroom around it, zooming in on student writing displayed on the bulletin boards. Big Books, developed in groups using sometimes original texts, sometimes adaptations, and sometimes the texts of popular children's stories are on display. They all contain original artwork - fabric collages on giant sheets of paper, sponge prints, acrylic paintings, water colour expressions. . .

Prof: With this particular group of students I am trying to emphasize voice: voice is at the core of all epistemological positions - at all forms of knowledge. I try to create as many opportunites as possible to help them experience themselves in a way that they can hear - be authentic. I have asked them to draw, paint, write poems, play with toys, dramatize, discuss open-ended philosophical statements. I have encouraged and nurtured honesty - I have been very candid with them about my views about life - not just teaching, but teaching, too. I have 'shocked' them into reflection, self-examination, value identification.

CUT TO:

A group of four women are in the courtyard behind the Education Building. They have two giant bubble maker wands and a pail of bubble solution. They are making giant bubbles. Some of them are "into" it, excited about the opportunity to create original masterpieces that burst before their very eyes. One is particularly uncomfortable. She constantly glances around the courtyard, wondering "who" might see her. She has a doubting look of "what could the "objective" of this activity be?" The women march indoors with the wands and bucket, up the stairs, and into the classroom.

Prof: For me teaching is setting up learning situations. In setting up these situations, I offer students, as I would a young child, opportunities to explore themselves and, in response, students reveal much about themselves. Students who may, as practicing teachers be very confident and seem quite certain of their ways, will often be very uncomfortable about trying new ideas. When I ask them to take risks - to try new teaching techniques, to experiment with new ideas, I am always conscious of their fear. I try to give them en-courage-ment, i.e. I nurture their courage. I acknowledge their strengths and remind them of all that they have already overcome. I hold their hand, if I must. Most importantly, however, I listen and accept. I try to understand them; I do not judge them. I really care!

CUT TO:

The camera cuts to some of the poems that they wrote about bubbles and slide-making. The former poems were "assignments"; the latter was volunteered. They are displayed on the bulletin board described earlier:

Bubbles can be lots of fun
When in the sink, tub, or on the run
They float, swim, and sometimes fly,
Can cause tears when they get in your eye.

Mothers never seem to mind
When on your clothes it's bubbles they find,
It's nothing like horrible dirt
It keeps us so clean that mothers smirk.
Roberta
September 24

I took a slide and added a thread
Then pulled a hair from out of my head.
A bit of green, a hint of red
"What is it?", my partner said.
We looked at it closely, hoping to see
A pattern of some sort, for her or for me.
Anxiety, frustration is all that came through
Maybe we should have added some blue!
People were lined up behind us, waiting to see their creation
"Hurry up!" they called out. "Don't you have any imagination?"
"No", we admitted sadly. "Not tonight we guess".
But at least we could think of a title,
We called the slide STRESS!
Maxine

Effervescent
Little green bubbles
Moving all around
Little green bubbles
Making not a sound

Harriet

Bubbles, bubbles everywhere
Floating and twirling in the air
All the people stop to stare.
I try to catch them from the chair.
They POP and give me quite a scare!
Margaret

CUT TO:

Title flashes on the screen : **SELF-CONFIDENCE**

Prof: These experiences build up their confidence - in self, in me, in community, in teaching, in learning.

CUT TO:

A grade two classroom. Students are doing a story model with a poem in a teacher-directed way. It is a lively lesson - students are laughing with their teacher - Jackie - at the outcome of their creations.

Jackie: *(voice over of a young female teacher. She speaks with confidence and conviction.)* "I find I am creative but not when it comes to writing. I can relate to students who have difficulty writing. That is why I like to model stories in my class - to help give students ideas." (Jackie, November)

CUT TO:

Full shot of a young woman - Ashley. She is standing with crossed ankles at the front of a university class. She is reading a passage she wrote, her head lowered. She is nervous, flicking her long hair away from the paper where it is always touching. She does not look up, but does manage to read the passage with feeling, as if she was exuberantly "telling" the story. The camera starts with a full view of her, zooms in to a waist-up shot and finally a C.U. The camera then alternates between C.U. of the reader and C. U. of some of the student-listeners.

Ashley: *(whispering)* This is really about self-confidence. I call my writing passages "studies" - like visual artists do. *(full and confident voice)* STUDY 1: Swimming "Absolutely terrified". That's what the class is called. It's for absolute beginners. There are two octogenerians, three septogenarians, two middle-aged ladies and me in the class. We're all improving. I'm doing very well. Once I told myself that I could swim it was all downhill. . . Or so I thought . . . Today we go in the deep end. I know that Sue will ask me to go first - I'm a good model - confident, able,

determined. . . But now I feel a kind of pressure not to let the crowd down. I'm sure I can do it. Of course I can do it - float, bob, swim, tread water. I can do it in the shallow end - why shouldn't I be able to do it in the deep end?. . .Jump. . .keep your eyes open. . .peddle a bike with your feet. . .push and pull with your arms. . .breathe. . .Oh, God, don't forget to breathe. . . Why shouldn't I be able to do it? Fear. That's why. I'm still a bit afraid of the water. It's clear and exposes everything. There is nothing to hide behind in the water. It is strong and its splashes are de-composing. They make me feel out of control. I have to wear water-proof mascara. I have to wear goggles. I have to keep pushing my hair back. . . True, water's gentle, too - I guess that's what I've got to keep thinking about when I jump in. It's gentle. It's inviting.

. . .Now calm down. . .Yes, Sue, I'm ready *(if I have to be!)* . . .Let's go. . . . . Jump. . .keep my eyes open. . .peddle my feet. . .push-sh-sh with my arms. . . pu-u-u-ll with my arms. . .breathe. . .push-sh-sh with my arms. . . pu-u-u-ll with my arms. . .breathe. . . breathe. . .I'm doing it! I'm treading water in the deep end!

CUT TO:

Title flashes on the screen: **SELF RESPECT**

Prof: Once students are confident of who they are, then they need to respect, deeply respect, themselves. In the depth of the soul each student has to know what s/he stands for and why.

CUT TO:

Montage of scenes from a University library. Students are reading, looking for books, using reference books. One female student - Cynthia -is seated at a table. Her feet are resting on another chair. Her upper body is surrounded by piles of books. She writes a few words, pauses, puts her pen in her mouth, writes some more, crosses something out, looks up at the lights in a thoughtful daze. The camera starts with a full view of her, zooms in to a waist-up shot and finally a C.U.

Cynthia: *(voice over)* "The week just seems to zip by and writing my journal always get pushed aside. It's almost as though I feel I have to do my "real" assignments first, i.e. those where I have to do readings or research of some sort. This seems too simple to consider an assignment because all it requires is my own thoughts. It's ridiculous that all those years of schooling have trained me to think that my thoughts are trivial, unimportant. Something to be considered only after the

"important" work is done. It makes me angry that even I, myself, have accepted that what others say and think is most important. This, of course, isn't true, but the way my education has lead me to be. It seems unusual that someone would just want to read my thoughts - maybe that's why it's difficult for me to write this sometimes. . . " (Cynthia, October 26)

CUT TO:

A woman in her late twenties - Helen - is standing at the front of the university class. She is reading a passage she wrote. She feels slightly uncomfortable about the "fiction" she is about to expose. She does not look up as she reads. The camera starts with a full view of her, zooms in to a waist-up shot and finally a C.U. The camera then alternates between C.U. of the reader and C. U. of some of the student-listeners. Towards the end of the passage Helen's eyes well up with tears. However, none fall. The camera follows her to her desk. She sits down in safety.

Helen: *(She takes a deep breath and reads confidently)* I call my writing passages "studies", too - like Ashley. This one is about self-respect. *(Her hushed voice helps to create the mood.)* STUDY 2: The Helpless 2:00 a.m. She quietly turns the key, opens all of the doors and carries one baby into the house. "Sh-h-h-sh-h-h, sweetie. Mommy's here," she pants as she races down the hall. After settling the baby into her crib and loosening her outerwear, she runs back to the car to bring in the other child. "Oh, God, please make him be there!" Her heart trembles until she sees the sleeping bundle in his car seat. She tiptoes in with her load of bags, baby, and walker, praying not to wake Him. The baby stretches, wimpering. "It's OK, honey," she whispers. She lightly lowers the bags and walker onto the floor and settles on to the sofa to begin to nurse. "He loves nursing. . .*and it'll keep him quiet. . .*" Her body is racing. The baby snuggles into her nervous breast, contented. His tiny hands roam for awhile and then rest across his chest. Her heartbeat begins to relax. "I made it! A few deep breaths. . . " She closes her eyes, almost relaxed. . . but He does awake. The footsteps hammer towards her. The echo of her booming pulse startles the baby. "Where have you been? - he knows! How could you humiliate me like that? again? - but I waited for you for twenty minutes." He stretches his lips down to his chin, grinds his teeth, hones in on her and squeezes her neck with his large hands. She raises her eyes to meet his, her head kept low in shame. The baby opens his eyes and looks up at the immense hands, but continues to nurse. He yells. She sits and stares. He tightens his grip and begins to lift her. She holds the baby and

does nothing. She says nothing. "YOU ARE SO HELPLESSLY PATHETIC." YOU ARE DISGUSTING - he sneers. "What can I do?" she says to herself. . .

CUT TO:

Title flashes on the screen: **GUILT**

Prof: As students begin to reveal their true values, they often see and feel a disharmony between what they say they believe in and what their actions show they believe in. They begin to talk about guilt.

CUT TO:

Camera at half-shot of footsteps on an autumn walk through a forested area. Colored leaves crunch beneath the feet. The feet walk with confidence, pausing to examine a tree. The camera follows the tree trunk up to an opening between treetops. The sun throbs in a deep blue sky.

Jenny: *(female voice over)* "In response to your letter, I can't think when I've done something enjoyable - creative writing, playing the piano, going to a movie, even going for a walk and pondering what's on my mind - and not feel guilty that I should be studying. I hope this is because of school and not going to be with me throughout my life. I guess one has to make their mind up as to what they want. If you allow yourself to feel guilty about what you haven't done - it could become a horrible habit. . .lead to a pessimistic attitude. . .(October 26)

CUT TO:

A collage of photos. Each woman in the course is doing something enjoyable - sewing, embroidering, canning, playing piano, playing flute, reading a fiction library book, playing with a dog outside, going for a walk, hand in hand, with a boyfriend, hiking in the mountains - with a knapsack on her back, riding a horse, painting an oil painting, taking a pottery course, singing in a choir, gardening houseplants, entertaining guests, going shopping for herself, choosing fabric in a store, having tea or coffee with some friends at a kitchen table, decorating a cake, fixing a motorcycle, daydreaming - looking very relaxedly out of a window, touring an art gallery, visiting the Provincial museum . . .

Jenny: I love the idea of doing something creative in every class. Like most university students I don't take the time out for this because I have too much to do for school. But if I do it in class, I won't feel guilty for not studying, allowing me to relax and just enjoy it. This brings me to another

point I liked about working at the daycare. I had the time to play with the children - I painted, I coloured, I made sand houses and roads, I played with the plasticine, and I loved it. I got to know the children better and they got to know myself better. They know I valued their work and it gives me pleasure when they valued mine! And eventually, they were starting to get over the fact that I was a teacher - they started to see that I make mistakes too and get frustrated just like they do.

Because I hadn't been creative - in ways that aren't acceptable to adults, like playing - for many years I found myself going back to Sensory play, to experimenting with the materials just to see what they would do. I love the feel of Play Doh and I love playing with paints - with the colours and textures I can create. It took me a while before I started to actually make anything representational. I think this is important to remember with children -- they too, need time to experiment and discover - what they do doesn't always need an end product - the process can be just as, or more, creative than the product. As teachers, we should restrain ourselves from always asking "what is it," or worse, from labelling it ourselves!! Also, we should try to help parents see this so that they don't unintentionally squelch their children's desire to be creative! Over the summer we did some bubble painting - whipped Ivory Snow flakes with food colouring. The colours were all very different shades from the normal brights and the children really seemed to enjoy this. They all just experimented with the colours, mixing them, painting layer over layer to see what would happen. Kristopher (aged 4) came up with some beautiful colours, blends and shapes. I was so excited with them, especially from Kris who was such a typical little, active boy. When his mom came I burst forth to show her what he'd done - and she was very unthrilled about them. She missed the beauty of them. I was heart broken - imagine what Kristopher felt! Though he didn't really show what he was feeling - I'm still not sure if he was as excited as I was. Maybe he felt he could do more and that he could be more creative than that. Kristal's (age 3) work was also neat. She used too much water and too many layers were put on that the paper finally broke in some sections - the effect was startling, especially when it was mounted on green construction paper. (October 26)

Holly: I am so excited. I'm doing something for myself tomorrow - going to a STRESS MANAGEMENT COURSE for two days and I'm not allowing myself to feel guilty. I have good plans and arranged a sub. Do you know that people will ask me where I've been on Thursday? Do you know that I'm going to tell them and they feel that it's a little "questionnable" because I wasn't "sick". Well, I think that we all need to do something for ourselves for awhile. I'm going to enjoy it. People miss out on things because:

1. feel they don't deserve it
2. too busy
3. too tired
4. not interested, just want to do my job

I've enjoyed writing this time - I feel like I'm flying very "high" through the air - wonderful, exhilarating emotion. . .

I have so many more questions. (Holly, December 7)

CUT TO:

Title flashes on the screen: **JUDGEMENT - FAILURE.** *Fade out title and fade in prof in her office. Scan to the bookshelf beside her desk. Yellow tags mark the spot for the assignments of each student. All 35 students take up the entire bookcase - from the top shelf to the bottom. The neighbouring book shelf contains piles of handouts. Yellow tags below each pile show which assignments were distributed when: Week 1, Week 2, Week 3, and so on.*

Prof: In a non-threatening, caring, and trusting environment students begin to expose their fears. They reveal their fear of being honest and of being judged. Judgement has always been a source of pain and disappointment - an offensive weapon against which they have no defense. They fear failure - not just failing assignments or courses, but failing their loved ones and themselves. To them failure is rooted in judgement and judgements shatter childhood dreams. Assignments are long and gruelling hours of work - symbols of hope and offerings of faith - that can instantaneously and unpredictably explode into chaos and defeat all in the name of judgement.

CUT TO:

Holly is being interviewed at her kitchen table. The camera starts with a full view of her, zooms in to a waist-up shot and finally a C.U. The camera then alternates between C.U. of Holly and snapshots of photos of beautiful sceneries in nature that she has framed and mounted on the walls

of her apartment, on bookshelves, and on the television. Scenes are of panoramic views of mountains, stormy skies, moonlit oceans, changing colors of forests in autumn - there are either no people or only one person in them. One in particular, remains on screen while she talks about fate: it has a young woman riding a horse at full speed - mane, tail, and the woman's hair fly upward as they ride.

Holly: *(not too loudly)* . . . Of course I was really nervous when I did my presentation. I was so anxious just waiting for my turn. . . Oh well, I hope that someone got something out of it. It is so interesting to me that we as teachers aren't usually nervous around students, but when I get up in front of a group, I feel TERRIFIED! I think it's because I feel self-critical and people will judge me - critical, negative - because I do this, too. I think that we believe what we see or perceive about people, but we're often wrong. When I read the book Pride and Prejudice this really hit home with me. This story is based on the fact that we often misinterpret actions of someone and may perceive him/her in a certain way - which may not be their true character.

I think that we have 'misunderstandings' like this all the time. You think so-and-so thinks they're so great, and they think you're snobby. I can imagine the number of relationships that have been 'lost' due to these 'false impressions'. This is why I think that we need to admire someone for their personal qualities - integrity, honesty, loyalty, rather than the clothes they wear or the marks they get. We need to 'strip' away superficialities in order to know the true person. However, society has set up hierarchies which dictate positions of power - and these people are generally looked 'up to' whereas poor people looked 'down on'. Again we equate the following: money=power=success I have too become sucked up into this scheme. I have really noticed how much people discuss money - their lives revolve around it. Frankly, I find it very shallow and boring. I think I'm beginning to find the things important to me in my life. Do you know that I'm beginning to cry! I'm such a sentimental fool! I remember when I first came to Edmonton, the lovely walk I used to take by myself with my friend's dog. There is something so wonderful about being alone on a walk with yourself - feelings, thoughts, just enjoying the cool air and the crunchy leaves, discovery of what's ahead. This is what I think life's about - one long journey that has many trails, that life can be wonderful and not so great, that we do influence what happens to us to a certain extent- based on decisions you make during your 'experiences', but that when we do make decisions, it is fateful in a way - sometimes I have a feeling to do something, I do it - run into someone, then we

become friends. I believe that God has a set path for us, and that there are reasons for things to happen. (Holly, December 7)

CUT TO:

Shirley is in an individual conference setting with the instructor. They are chatting. Both women are relaxed. The camera starts with a full view of the two women, then follows the book shelf, tracing books on personal development - Buber, Perry, Belenky et al, Capra, Maturana and Varela, Overstreet, Roszak, Freire, Hudson, Noddings, . . . pauses to examine the Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms, some simple children's drawings, a hand-written story written by a 5 year old, and finally zooms in on Shirley.

Shirley: I really enjoyed your definition of critical thinking - You explained it very well. I believe critical thinking should be encouraged in the classroom. I think through the use of centers, hands-on material, and problem solving questions, children will be encouraged to use their critical thinking. I think this class is one where critical thinking is encouraged, especially in our journals. I am starting to learn how to use critical thinking. I think a lot of the courses offered at the university discourage critical thinking. They want you to express yourself, but just make sure it's what your professor believes as well. It is good to see a professor who really wants us to express our true beliefs or feelings without the fear of failing. (Shirley, October)

CUT TO:

The camera zooms in on the instructor. She is wearing different clothing than in the previous scene to show that this is another situation.

Prof: I think that I withheld any discussion of grades because of this built-in-to-the-university-and-educational-system fear of failing. It goes along with trust and honesty, well, at least until the very end when I had to judge anyways. I still don't know how to come to grips with the evaluation-judgement calls. By assuming the role of evaluator - judge - I know from the onset that I will also be undergrading the development or support of the attitude to do something for intrinsic reasons. The judge assumes the role of superior, not equal. I do not feel better than my students - different, yes. Perhaps, more reflective and in that reflectiveness able to guide them to reflection. But not better than them. As evaluator, I know that I have to cease understanding them and start judging them. Standards, yes, but.. , I have real trouble with judgement. . .

CUT TO:

Young children on a playground are filmed. Their spontaneity of movement from one activity to another, playing by themselves, with one or two children, then changing groups, being again by themselves are shown in a fluid visual.

Narrator: "In seeking comfort, we generally find a quiet corner in life where there is a minimum of conflict, and then we are afraid to step out of that seclusion. This fear of life, this fear of struggle, and of new experience, kills in us the spirit of adventure; our whole upbringing and education have made us afraid to be different from our neighbour, afraid to think contrary to the established pattern of society, falsely respectful of authority and tradition" (Krishnamurti, 1953, p. 10).

CUT TO:

Camera returns to instructor in her office .

Prof: I have to concur with Krishnamurti when he talks about the student. He says, "When we are working together for an ideal, for the future, we shape individuals according to our conception of that future; we are not concerned with human beings at all, but with our idea of what they should be. The what SHOULD BE becomes far more important to us than what IS, namely, the individual with his complexities. If we begin to understand the individual directly instead of looking at him through the screen of what we think he should be, then we are concerned with what IS. Then we no longer want to transform the individual into something else; our only concern is to help him understand himself, and in this there is no personal motive or gain. If we are fully aware of what IS, we shall understand it and so be free of it; but to be aware of what we are, we must stop struggling after something which we are not " (Krishnamurti, 1953, pp. 21-22).

CUT TO:

Title flashes on screen: **RECOVERY OF SELF**

Prof: In coming to terms with judgement students become more auto-biographical. Their past takes them back to significant moments, experiences, that seemed to paralyze them for many years, if not decades.

CUT TO:

Children doing real art - with quality paints, paper, clay - perhaps at a course at the Edmonton Art Gallery. The camera has ample time to focus in on the "fun" of creation - kids deeply engrossed in their work, taking breaks to talk to other kids, to admire the work of others, to learn from others. The room is a mess of materials. Children's clothing is spattered in rainbow colours. A world of disorder gives life to stunning creations. Children sign their name to their work or carve initials into clay sculptures.

Cynthia: One of my most vivid memories of elementary school is coming back from a field trip to a travelling museum in grade 2 - naturally, we were told to draw our favorite thing that we saw. My favorite thing was some rocks that glowed in the dark 'cause I was very interested in rock collecting at the time. Obviously my picture looked like a page with some coloured blobs on it - can you draw flourescent rocks? Well, anyway, my teacher carried on about what a pathetic job it was and how she knew I could do better. I felt horrible - I went back and drew a tiger (which pleased her) and threw out my rock picture. I can remember feeling very anxious after that whenever I had to do some art for this teacher. I guess I make the woman look like a complete ogre who scared me for life - in a way, I still do resent her, but realisitically I know I've done the same thing to kids I've worked with at day care. (October 26)

Patti: Creativity is a word that kind of frightens me because as a child I didn't feel very creative. I felt very inadequate in art or drawing classes because as I compared what I had done to what some of my friends had produced, I always thought that mine looked messy and less realistic. At that time creativity meant how well I could draw. Later, in Jr and Sr high school my teachers made me feel that creativity had to do with writing. I was praised for the ideas I had in creative writing assignments. (October)

CUT TO:

Four ladies from the course - Jenny, Jackie, Shirley and Zoa - go for coffee during the class break. At the machines, one of them, Jenny, starts talking. The camera starts with a C.U. of her,

pans to a waist-up shot and finally a shot of the four ladies. The camera then alternates between C.U. of Jenny and the others sitting at a table drinking coffee.

Jenny: "I think teachers teach creative writing because they want children to express themselves through writing. But do they realize this could be different for each child? I used to think creative writing was making up a story or poem. But when I'm upset I write what is bothering me, and it makes me feel better. I'm expressing my feelings - is this not creative writing? When I write this log each week I'm expressing MY feelings and opinions, and again it makes me feel good. I think this type of writing is all of philosophical, expressive, medicinal, and creative and critical.
I don't feel that school discourages the best in us from coming out, but you have a point, it doesn't really encourage it. I think this is because the hidden curriculum of many classrooms emphasizes being right, being good and so on and these are one sided. One answer is the right answer. One opinion is the right opinion. Children become afraid to show their real selves because they might not be right. Children - adults, too, often don't recognize that there is something neat and wonderful about them. They only see the qualities other people have, that they like and don't like. The best of themselves is hidden while they try to bring out in themselves what they feel is the best of their friends. I think studying each individual as a class or personal project - finding out what makes that person unique, and what it means to be unique, is an excellent project in early grades to emphasize a positive self image. Perhaps a similar assignment - autobiogarphy? in grades 5 or 6 would help children through adolescence a little easier. (November)

CUT TO:

Holly is being interviewed at her kitchen table. The camera talternates between C.U.of Holly and snapshots of photos of beautiful sceneries in nature that she has framed and mounted on the walls of her apartment. Finally camera cuts to Holly in a pick up driving down a dirt road towards the city. The truck is loaded with all of her worldly possessions. She is singing as she drives - thoroughly enjoying the ride. As the second speaker begins to speak, Holly picks up a hitch hiker. She gets in to Holly's truck and the two drive off.

Holly: *(not too loudly)* I think I'm beginning to find the things important to me in my life. . . . I believe that God has a set path for us, and that there are reasons for things to happen. When I was in my first year teaching I had a terrible grade 7 class. It's a long story - I couldn't handle the class, it was really funny, because even though it was so bad at school I made some of my best friends

there. It is so ironic. They were so supportive of me that I just felt so close to them. Anyway at that time in my life I was feeling very restless and depressed, very low self-esteem. I decided to come to Edmonton to be my own person (my parents are great, too overprotective, my mum is always telling me what to do), so therefore I don't make my own decisions, I am not really ME - I am doing it to please my mother. My parents would have loved me to stay at home. Moving away gives you another perspective - it allows you to look at your relatives as people (who have positives and negatives). Anyway, my mum still wants me to move back - but I feel so ambiguous. I love my freedom here - my husband always gives me freedom - he is not threatened by my independence - he encourages it. My husband is so supportive and kind - listens to all my woes about teaching, and he never discusses his problems! (I think he needs to!!)

Anyway when I first came to Edmonton it was great. I got a place with some girls - and I substituted alot. I used to take long walks. I think that time was one of the happiest in my life. I felt free and really ALIVE - especially discovering Edmonton (trails). It seems that I feel most alive when I'm outside. I love the sun, and the trees, the air and all of the elements coming together, and finding yourself in the middle. I think that I've learned to make a point of being more open to people for what they are. That education is a life-long learning process - that we as adults have a lot to learn about ourselves, and kids learn "with us', rather than "from us". That kid's learning should be viewed in terms of individual growth rather than comparison. Also is a fun experience and rewarding.

I feel that I am more aware of the values of society that I have accepted (i.e. money is important) and that I need to question my own personal values more (i.e. stripped of a materialistic society what is important to me!).

You know it's really funny. I never really think about my paycheck - I really don't. Many people count the days until it arrives! I can't believe it, I know that we use it for material things - couch, but I have no concept of keeping track of it. I find this 'boring'. Perhaps I do feel it is important to have money, but then I don't, because I really feel that the best things in life can't be bought. Like showing a special friendship, thinking of others, cross-country skiing on a warm sunny day (though you do need equipment). It is very difficult to overcome what society values though. . .

I've enjoyed writing this time - I feel like I'm flying very "high" through the air - wonderful, exhilarating emotion. . .

I have so many more questions. (December 7)

Marilyn: Olenka, you may need to sit for this - you know how much we have all been complaining about the incredible work load we've had all semester, well, looking back now, I can say that I learned a lot about myself. Now I can work under and handle pressure, frustration, disappointment and exuberance *all at once*. I learned that I do have a strong will, an inner motivation to expand my learning and, most importantly, I can handle the work involved in first year teaching. . . . About presentations: we all have so much talent to share - not often are we allowed to . (*Actually within this course we have done a lot of things that have generally been excluded from University life.*) Thanks. (November 30) (my emphases)

CUT TO:

A young woman - Anita - is reading a passage she wrote. Dressed in high heels, skin-tight blue jeans and a leather top, she addresses the same university class. The camera starts with a full view of her, zooms in to a waist-up shot and finally a C.U. The camera then alternates between C.U.of the reader and C. U. of some of the student-listeners.

Anita: *(confidently)* STUDY 4: The Audience The restaurant is almost empty. Smoke huddles around the lampshades 13 feet above. Through the splatted windows neon signs flicker their reflection. Winston stares at the passersby. His half-open glazed eyes rarely blink. His lower jaw hangs, dragging his head toward the empty coffee cup in front of him. Except for rare breaths he is motionless.

Jessie and Nicky are pasted into the corner booth. Their leather-covered bodies wriggle and squirm. Their hands ever-exploring, they surface only for breaths of smoke-filled air.

Charlie sits on a salmon colored kitchen chair. His six inch beard, pair of deep-set grey eyes, and two rosy cheeks look up from a Nietzche novel. His nicotine-stained fingers cling tightly to his cigarette. "Fear is the narcotic of our time," he babbles, uneasily twisting his torso and raising one leg onto the neighbouring chair. "It paralyzes us, renders us vulnerable, powerless, and selfless." He sucks in a fulfilling taste of his Camel, closing his eyes in deep satisfaction. "It's cheap. The

government can't control it. The government can't do nothin' about it. Hell, the government doesn't even know about it. . ." He raises his cigarette to his mouth - another moment of patient ecstasy. "Yeah, a few know. But they don't tell no one. They knows how the fear of others helps them. They knows how a hit but once every week or so - just a reminder to stay in your place - and *nobody* complains about *nothin'*." He couches his other leg between his hands and lifts it atop the first. "Its effect is lo-o-ng-term. After awhile a hit can last as long as a year. . . " Another slow satisfying inhalation. "Its side effects? Tolerance. . . no initiative. . . no responsibility. . . no stress. . ." His gruff voice snickers. No one listens. He twists to talk to the absent passersby. "So it has a few expensive side effects - cigarettes, booze, self-esteem, the slime that live in places like this. . . the slime that live in the Capital. . . and the slime that ain't even been born yet. . ." Others are either too stoned, drunk, infatuated, or afraid to listen.

CUT TO:

Title flashes on screen: **HONESTY**

Prof: Reflection, true reflection, is above all, honest. Some of the most poignant moments of teaching are the honest ones. We cut through the so-called "crap" and share ourselves - with our own self. It's like hugging yourself - loving you for who you are, who you "really" are.

CUT TO:

Women in a clothing store are trying on outfits and checking with the mirror. What image do they want to portray? An elderly woman comes out several times - once in jeans and a broad-shouldered T-shirt, once in a mini-skirt, once in a conservative housedress. Some contemporary hats add an additional humorous touch - even she laughs at herself in the mirror. One woman - Zoa - is eager to catch a glimpse of herself, but someone always butts in front of her. Finally, in exasperation, she steps in front of the elderly woman - several times.

Cynthia: About free writing in class: It started off as a simple reflection on A SEPARATE PEACE, but ended up being about a friendship of mine that was lost. I couldn't believe it, but all my feelings about this person and what happened poured out on the paper. What's weird is that they were feelings I have always avoided - whenever they come up, I force myself to think about something else. With the writing, though, it was like I finally had to face it all. I was exhausted

when I finished writing. I read what I had written over and felt really depressed about it - almost a sick feeling about the whole thing - what had happened and especially how I reacted. I realize that this doesn't make all that much sense to you since you don't know what I'm actually talking about. The free writing is in an envelope - it's rather personal and I'd rather not share it. . .
Even though it was a crummy experience for me on Monday, I think free writing is marvelous. When I was writing I had no concept of time. I was really exhausted when I finished, and had absolutely no idea how long I had actually been writing. I particularly liked the idea of writing the last word over and over when you are stumped - for me it helped me to be honest and not beat around the bush the way I do when I take a lot of time to think about what I'm writing. (November 9)

Zoa: I have a secret to share with you, I do my best work when I'm under a tremendous amount of pressure, and you made the pressure tremendous, and I thank you, because I've really learned alot - not just brand new information, but I learned a lot about myself. Even though I "hated" writing these journals every week, this is the place where I learned about myself, and you know what I find so very interesting? I used to dread writing papers. I would always try to get into a class where no papers were required until this year, there was no possible way for me to avoid writing a paper. My Christian Theology course required 4 papers but he cut it down to 3 because of all the complaints, and my Anthropology required a paper. I was terrified. But I received all my papers in Christian Theology with no mark under 85% and my Anthropology paper was 90% - I was in shock. But I must admit, I attribute these good marks to writing these journals. These journals taught me how to express myself the way I mean. Even though the grammar and punctuation were lacking in these journals, I really learned how to express what I'm thinking and not be afraid to write it. When I start teaching, I'll probably be nicknamed "the journal teacher" because I'm definitely going to have the children write journals and I want to write back to each child, it's so important - I love reading your comments on my journal therefore I know children will feel the

Jenny: After reading your thoughts on the notion of critical thinking one idea stands out for me - be true to your own thoughts, don't be afraid of them, don't push them aside because they aren't

"right." Don't be scared of extreme, eccentric ideas - also don't feel foolish about holding on to old ideas of values. As long as you don't hold on to them out of fear, because they are secure. If you've really thought out new ideas, as well as old, and find yourself returning to the old - great. Also critical thinking involves not always accepting standards or traditions - but looking at them for their strengths and weaknesses. (October 26)

Jackie: I thought the interview was very worthwhile. That is the first time I've done that for a University course. As I have said to you I will try harder when I write. I find that I become more formal when I write, I like interviews better because I can express myself better orally. (November)

Cynthia: This makes me think of your questions on honesty. I think honesty is pure, there's no such thing as relative honesty unless that's a nice term for lie. There is, of course, tact often needed with honesty though. Honesty has always been one of my main "measures" of a person. I always said that if someone couldn't be honest with me - or me honest with them - that that proved how pathetic the relationship was. I still do believe this, yet I know that I am not always honest with myself. Like the thing I mentioned earlier about my friend. For years I have just avoided the feelings and thoughts toward this whole experience - I consider this almost lying to myself - playing little games to make life simpler. (November 9)

Harriet: I just finished reading the article "Writing and Reading Literature from the Inside Out". It made me feel quite envious of the students in the Reading class. As you said in your letter of October 19, I too get a feeling of a "wonderfully warm energy radiating" within me after I have read a good book or after I have expressed my creativity. In the past few years I have written and illustrated two children's stories - something I love to do! Why did I do it? It was an assignment for a class each time. I love to draw, paint, I was learning to knit, I love to sing, I used to play the flute, the guitar and the piano and I love to read. Your comments about when was the last time that we have done something creative for fun struck a very bitter chord in me. I have so many dreams and talents but they sit unanswered and unexploited.

I don't have time. There seems to be no time for anything anymore! How I wish I could just sit and paint or pick up the sweater I was knitting two years ago or finish reading that fasciniating novel by Jean M. Auel: The Clan of the Cave Bear that I started reading in the summer. How I wish that, like those students, I could have a class where we could sit and read anything we chose. I too could read a lot!! But with teaching and the various preparation and correcting demands placed on me and with all of the professional development material we are expected to read (I am taking a Teacher Effectiveness Course) and with all of the other various activities associated with teaching. . . . I don't even have time to relax!!! I try to follow an exercise program to keep me fit but various responsibilities even get in the way of that! My weekends are filled with various household demands such as shopping, cleaning and laundry - I'm lucky if I get to read the paper...and I don't even have any children!!! If I hadn't been sick and home from school the last two days I wouldn't even have had time to read up to Chapter 5 in Holdaway let alone the articles handed out to us. This bothers me as you can see. I have so many good intentions. . . where does it all end? What do *you* do with a family to take care for as well? How do you find the time to take care of your responsibilities let alone to be creative?! Please understand, this is not a criticism it is an honest, soul searching cry for help! (October 20)

Roberta: I don't think we can teach creativity but we can foster it by providing the proper environment. We can do this by letting the children know we value their ideas. We must also develop a mutual trust with them so they will not be afraid of our reactions. This will give the students the self-esteem that is necessary for them to take the risk and try something they were afraid to. We should also give the students the opportunity to try out new ideas. The exercise we give to students should allow the students to expand their ideas and to think and explore possible new ones. Students should be encouraged to develop their own ideas. (September 30)

CUT TO:

Back to the clothing store as women still try on clothing.

Cynthia: In the conference you asked what mark I wanted to get in this class - it was the first time I had actually thought about it - I answered 7-8 because that seems like a nice grade to pull in for any

course, but truthfully I don't know what mark I truly deserve. After the conference I wondered to myself why I'd never thought about the mark I'd end up with in this class. At first I thought - Oh no! Don't I care? - but then I realized that determining what my mark might be right now was absolutely impossible as it is primarily in your hands. More importantly, though, I realized that what actual number mark I got didn't really matter to me because I did get so much out of the course anyway. When I got home I read your last class letter where you talked about giving out actual number marks and how you disapproved. It was excellent the way the two fit together so well. I don't think you create a competitive, drive-for-nine attitude in your class. Thank goodness - I'm sick of it, especially in the Faculty of Education. I hope you don't start stressing your "evaluation techniques" near the end of the term even though its what some people need to hear to get them motivated or on track or something. We already talked about me being practical - that's why I like what we do in class (and for our assignments) so much. It seems impossible for you (or any teacher in any class) to really evaluate what I've gained from this course - wouldn't it be great if you could write us each an individual progress report rather than assign us a grade! I'm sure the guys in engineering would have some really rude comments to make if they heard about this. I don't know if you made a conscious effort to make us not worry about marks or if that's just the way it turned out - either way, I think it's great. (November 16)

CUT TO:

Title flashes on the screen : **LIFE VS. DEATH**

Prof: In their honesty students work with their real self - their voice. That voice reveals the things that really matter to them. The outcomes are often surprising. They are the life and death issues of *their* lives.

CUT TO:

Harriet is reading a piece of personal writing. It was the result of an 'assignment' to re-write a passage from another point of view. She reads it with the excitement of sharing to four other women at her 'table'.

Harriet: GROWING OLD I am 89 years old this month. I am very healthy and I have limitless energy - especially since I had a pacemaker installed. My granddaughter jokes about having a pace maker installed to improve her energy level, too. I have a loving, patient wife and a devoted son and family. I love to work and to do useful things to help others. Unfortunately, last June I had a stroke, and ever since I don't seem to be able to remember anything. My wife will ask me to go outside and get something, but before I reach the door, I've forgotten what she wanted me to get. She repeats and repeats. I'm lucky that she is so patient. It must not be easy putting up with this day in and day out! I try to be cheerful about my problem, but sometimes I get so frustrated and scared. My sister is 97. She is in perfect health, however, her mind went on her about ten years ago. Ever since she has been a vegetable lying in a hospital bed. Knowing nothing, recognizing no one...I don't want to end up like that. But I'm afraid that I will . . . (November)

CUT TO:

A group of students are "improvising" a dramatic scene. All women, they each are wearing one "prop" to help them assume their role. The lights in the barren classroom are low so as not to intimidate participants. The mood is serious and enveloping. The camera starts with a C.U. of the mother, pans out to include each additional speaker, then alternates between C.U. of speakers and full shots of the group.

STUDY 6: The Ultimate Decision

(A wake)

Mother: She was the one I would least have expected to go this way. Always strong, independent, full of energy. A girl with her own mind. God knows I could never get through to her.

Father: It's that son-of-a-bitch husband. He must have made her do it.

Sister: No one makes you do it. You choose.

Brother: You should know!

Sister: You bet I do. She suffered for years. She just kept it locked in. No one could understand her, she would hint. Never explicitly. That wasn't Anne's way. Even when I asked her she'd change the topic. Or run to a runny-nosed kid or a pot of soup boiling over. She chose not to share.

Brother: With anyone. I never had the slightest idea. I thought everything was going her way. She had lost weight, looked good. She had a great job, was making money on investments. She had a few trips lined up. What went wrong?

Husband: Oh, she wasn't that innocent. She shared - just not with us. She had her friends. She had her own world. She used to call it the world of ideas - no! a "community" of ideas. She would go off and explore what everyone else had to say.

Sister: SHE chose to leave. It's her choice. It's not God's or enyone else's. It was hers. And I think we should respect her for that. God, I think I even envy her.

Brother: I'll bet you do. Two husbands - or is it three?? Well, I'm sure you'll think that my timing stinks, but I don't feel remorse. I mean, I guess I didn't really know her. How can you mourn for someone you don't even know? I felt closer to Uncle Tom than I did to her. I never sat down and layed one on with her. I mean, got drunk. I never saw her at peak points in my life. What can I say?

Father: Shut up. She gave you so much. I remember when she bought you a ski-doo helmut and television for Christmas. That was the year she could drive. And who used to take you to hockey practices at 8 o'clock Sunday mornings?

Brother: Hey, Dad, I know you're upset but there's no point in painting Anne to be a hero or a saint. Heroes and saints don't do this.

Friend 1: Don't do what? What are you all so afraid of? Saying the word? Saying that she committed suicide and broke the family honor, the family name? Anne, in her own way boasted of you people. You could tell she was small-town. She had a sort-of reverence for family, not hurting people, putting family above self.

Husband: Well, she never put our family above herself. If she had she'd still be here. Who is going to look after those kids? Who'll do for them what she did? She has lead them down a garden path and left them in the forest before they even got to the garden. And you mark my words, they're going to stay in that forest forever.

Friend 2 - Marietta: I wonder if I might say a few words. Anne was my friend and she asked me to read this to you all when you were all gathered here. I don't know why she asked *me* to do this, but I'd like you to know that I feel in my heart that this is a great honor.
Before I read this I wonder if you would mind me sharing a few personal anecdotes about Anne. . . We met when we were in graduate school. She impressed everybody. She spoke with such passion and conviction. The stolid scholars sometimes found less substance in what she had to say, but I and several others, saw her as our philosophical sounding board. She would always make us see things in a new way. She was INSPIRING. She always dared - she dared us to think in new ways, to see beyond ourselves. She gave us so much hope. . . And while her body has moved on her spirit will be with us always. I feel very privileged to have known Anne. And I am privileged to bring to you her final words:

Dear Mom, Dad, Anita, Richard, Bob (I know you'll all be here) and the others who have honored my parting with your presence!
I want to say I am sorry that I hurt you and let you down. But I can't. I have to be honest, for once with all of you.
I have thought and thought for years about this day. I have a box of letters I wrote to myself, each one a commitment closer to today's. I feel inside that this is the first commitment I have ever made. I could never fully commit myself to a swimming coach, or to swimming for that matter. I could never commit myself to anyone's ideas, and I could never commit myself to marriage. That's not to say that I cheated or was unfaithful for these words mean so little without context.

I just took a break to re-read all those letters. In one I wrote about a stallion who roamed freely, leading his herd through narrow river gorges, vast echo-filled canyons, along steep rocky terrain. He never wanted to be captured, broken, or ridden. He fought with all his ability but alas, he was but a stallion and had to meet his destiny. There were few choices for the stallion. Lead or die. He could not be lead.

I would like to thank Marietta for reading this. I would like to thank her for sending me off in her bright yellow suit. I asked her to wear it. I asked her to celebrate in my accomplishment. I have found courage. I have found commitment. Thank you for your yellow dress, Marietta. It expresses the lifefulness that you are, and have always been to me.

Do not mourn me too long. Do not waste time wondering if my soul will go to heaven or not, what kind of a christian I am, or how much I owe. I have paid off all of my debts. I have arranged for two endowments for the children. I have also written them separately so that in years to come they will come to understand my "abandoning" them. The will is a different story - I don't have one. However, I do want you to claim the following:

Marietta - please take my Arabec books. Give them to a student who is learning Arabec and in love with the language as I was.
Nick - my Italian books are yours. You know why.
Anita - I'm leaving you $5,000. I can't think of anything else that you need more or could use better.
Rich - I hardly know you, so I have left you my diaries. I figured that you are financially secure enough that anything else would be worthless.
Anita - I would like you and Lillianne to go through all my drawers - in school, at the university, in my bedroom, in the study, and in my SPCB (Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Books). Censor what you find. I do not want to hurt anyone. Exposing one's self is a personal choice - not one for me to make for others. I trust that you will do as I would.
Mom and Dad - What do you need? Not much. Please take time to get to know my kids. Don't blame them for this. They had nothing to do with it. In fact, it is because of them that I didn't do this sooner. But they are strong now and will make it.

In the spirit world there is peace. I cannot bear this world any longer. Pollution, war, poverty, inequality - they make me angry. But a lack of vision - of hope - that makes me sick. So you see, I died of a sickness!

With love and eternal presence I bid you adieu.
Anne.

CUT TO:

A photo montage of AIDS posters and bumper stickers, suicide prevention billboards and advertising, newspaper headlines about AIDS and suicide. Final shot is a pan of a cemetery into a zoom of a tombstone. The tombstone shows the age of a 15-22 year old.

Marilyn: *(voice over)* "I, with your invitation to probe deeper into my beliefs, delved into my feelings on sex education, AIDS, suicide. . . being included in the "basic needs" category of schooling's goals. Well, I answered the questions that I posed to myself but secretly thought, as if to reassure myself, that my chances of being confronted by a child with AIDS (in Edmonton?) or a suicidal victim were slim. I've been abruptly awakened in this regard, however. Last week I learned of a girl who is student teaching in a grade 4 classroom in which one of the boys has AIDS. NO, NOT IN NEW YORK OR CHICAGO, but right here in Edmonton. I was deeply disturbed and indeed heartbroken when I heard how parents of the other children in the school were reacting. In short, this poor boy's life, what little of it he may have yet to live, is hell.

My first reaction to this situation was - the poor child and how can parents be so cruel, so uncaring. Then I thought "no, it's not entirely the fault of the parents. They are probably reacting in a way dictated by the press, not knowledge. It is the duty and responsibility of the school to meet the changing needs of its students and society. The remainder of this boy's life should be made as pleasant and comfortable as possible - the school can make a move towards this goal!! " (November 30)

CUT TO:

A young woman - Marion - is sitting at the front of her university class. She is reading a passage she wrote. She takes a deep breath before she starts. She is nervous, and becomes increasingly more emotional. The camera starts with a full view of her, zooms in to a waist-up shot and finally a C.U. The camera then alternates between C.U. of the reader and C. U. of some of the student-listeners,and cuts to some of the posters, bumper stickers, newspaper headlines, and tombstone shots mentioned earlier.

Marion: NOTE: I wrote this because writing helps me to sort out my deep thoughts and helps me see things in a new light. Since the topic - death - is not one which you may feel comfortable with, I will understand if you choose not to read this entry.

It was Friday, April 25, 1986 and it was my last day of student teaching. At 3:30 when the bell went, I had tears in my eyes because I would miss the kids, but I was also very relieved. The pressure was over; my evaluations had went very well. I could hardly wait until tonight. A bunch of us had plans to go out and have a great time.

I carefully placed my good-bye cards and gifts in the backseat of the car, unrolled the window an inch, turned up the stereo and headed home. I could hardly wait to show my family my evaluations, then I'd grab a quick nap before getting ready to go out.

I zoomed up the driveway, grabbed my things out of the backseat and walked to the front door. As I took off my shoes I thought something was strange because Mom was home a couple of hours early. Oh well!

"Hey, where is everyone?" I shouted as I headed towards the family room. My mom and dad and my 15 year old brother Dale were sitting quietly on the couch sort of staring into space.

"Look what the kids made me," I said while I held up a wreath of Tissue paper flowers, "Isn't it nice?"

"Really nice". My mom said quietly. Not quite the reaction I had anticipated. Something was horribly wrong. The air was thick. My macho brother Dale had red-rimmed eyes from crying, and yes, so did my mom.

"What's happened?" I asked quietly as I dropped my stupid wreath on the floor and sat down.

"I can't believe it...none of us can...Matt is dead." whispered my mom. Dale jumped up sobbing, ran upstairs, and slammed his bedroom door.

"What?" I said in disbelief, and out of confusion. The first thought that ran through my head was, Matt who? My Dad's partner on drug squad, or my 17 year old brother, Kelvin's best friend?

"Matt Jenson". said my mom, as if to answer the very question that was running through my head. Oh my God, how could it be? Matt is only 17 years old, but then again he always drives like there is no tomorrow. Damm, him, he can't be dead, he is too full of life. He is one of the most full of life people I know. He's always got to be doing something, going somewhere, pulling a joke on someone, and talking and laughing every waking minute. Oh no, there's been a BIG mistake. Matt cannot be dead. This is a really sick joke. Suddenly, I realized this was not a joke. I could hear Dale crying upstairs and my mom looked like hell, to put it mildly. Then I realized Kelvin wasn't in sight, maybe he was hurt in the accident.

"Where's Kelvin, is he all right?"

"He's all right, he's not hurt, Oh, God, nothing sounds right. He's in his room. He's very upset. Matt killed himself," my mom was crying again.

"What?" I asked softly. What the hell was going on? I felt like someone knocked the air out of me, the room was spinning and this cannot be happening.

My mom said, "He committed suicide. I don't understand it either...Kelvin's very upset...I don't know how he's going to pull through this or if he will be able to. What could have been so horrible? I don't understand."

This cannot and more importantly, should not be happening. Matt was a unique kid. He was about 6'1", had bright red hair, freckles, and a contagious laugh. His laugh was heard constantly and it usually followed a joke or a prank. He was one of the family. I remember him coming over to watch TV with my mom and dad while Kelvin was at work, I remember him fixing our vacuum before going out to a party, I remember him at the supper table, I remember him play fighting with my dad and brothers, showing my mom how to "really" cook eggs, talking with Dale about their mutual dream in life - flying. Matt was taking flying lessons and had been for over a year. He loved flying and his eyes shone when he talked about it. I remember the day Matt drove over Kelvin's foot and started crying - he was laughing so hard, and the morning he jumped into my room armed with a loaded camera (I never did get the negatives), and the night the group of them went to a bush party and Matt had had too much to drink. He had decided to walk home (it was only approximately 20 miles away). Well, he lost one shoe in the mud and ended up hitchhiking a ride to the nearest town. At 5:00 am he finally phoned his Dad to come and get him. Everyone laughed about that story for weeks and for once Matt was slightly embarassed. Matt made everyone he knew laugh and was loved by all of us who knew him. Dear God, how did we all miss the clues and cries for help he must have given? It hurts me more than words could ever express to imagine how alone, worried, unhappy or hurt Matt must have been. I will always wonder why suicide was Matt's answer and I will never believe death was Matt's intention. I do not believe he meant to die, I think Matt's death was an accident. Dave and Kelvin were meant to find him but through no fault of their own it was too late when they found Matt. . .

It was 11:20 and Kelvin waited with Matt's younger brother Dave, at Matt's locker. The 3 of them always walked together to the Jensons's house for lunch. Mrs. Jenson insisted they eat a good hot lunch and Kelvin was expected to be there everyday. Finally, at 11:30 Kelvin and Dave grew impatient when Matt never showed up and headed home. Well, the front door was open, so they opened it up assuming Matt was already there, but he wasn't and his shoes weren't at the front door

either. Dave flipped the stereo on and Kelvin and Dave ate the wonderful spaghetti Mrs. Jenson had left for them upstairs in the kitchen.

As they prepared to go back to school Dave heard a funny sound and threw open the hand door to the garage. Oh no! Something was wrong. The car door was down and Mr. Jenson's Bronco was running and Dave's Cougar was running. Dave ran to turn them off. Kelvin pushed the automatic garage door opener and ran to Matt, who was on the floor in between the two cars. Dave ran to the neighbours for help and Kevin performed mouth to mouth. It was too late. Matt was dead. Ambulances, fire trucks, Mr. Jenson, Steve (another best friend from two doors down), Dave and Kelvin were all there with Matt within minutes, but they were too late.

To this day, most of us who loved Matt believe he planned on being found before it was too late. He knew Kelvin and Dave would be there at lunch, and later it was found out he was seen at the school at 10:45, only 35 minutes before lunch. He did leave the door unlocked, perhaps yet another clue. The above belief has never openly been discussed with Kevin by our family because it does seem to lay blame and that certainly is not the intention. Maybe we just cling to such an explanation because the thought of a 17 year old willingly and meaningfully committing suicide is just too painful. There was no note left and that only adds to the misery and the mystery. Although, maybe there are no answers, so what is the use of a note?

To tell of the grief Mr. and Mrs. Jenson and Dave have experienced is impossible. They have not once, not even the day of Matt's death denied or tried to cover up the fact that it was a suicide. The funeral was simply beautiful, very, very personal and very, very meaningful. The Jensons have a lot of love, respect and deep caring for one another which is always readily apparent and I only hope one day they will be able to be at peace. They have helped Kelvin and Matt's other friends over the last 19 months and I only hope they too have been helped.

How Kelvin has handled this is beyond me. His daily life has carried on, but there is a lot of pain left. I only hope he is not obsessed with the questions, "Why didn't we check the garage sooner?" "Why didn't we hear the cars running?" "Why did we have the stereo so loud?"

I have many questions, thoughts and ideas about Matt and these are with me no longer on a daily basis as they were for months on end, but they are with me regularly and I suspect they will be for years to come, if not forever.

Suicide is something we all have opinions and attitudes about, but take my word, these can all change when someone you love decides suicide is the answer. Unfortunately, from my experience it is the person you would least expect that may decide for such an option, and that is perhaps the saddest thing of all.

In conclusion, death and the discussion of it makes many uncomfortable and suicide makes "nice" people very nosey, cold and sometimes harsh. Does the family of a suicide victim deserve such treatment from the "nice" strangers of this world? What role did the teachers and school play in Matt's death and/or what role should they have played?

P.S. Matt was 17 years old, popular and was going to his graduation in only four and a half weeks. His life was ahead of him. The future was his...why didn't he want one? (November 23)

CUT TO:

Title flashes on the screen : **PATIENCE**

Prof: The process of unveiling the self is so exciting. Sometimes I am tempted to rush it, but it is patience that allows the natural flow of time, like the butterfly who so gracefully and beautifully emerges from the cocoon.

CUT TO:

Young children are playing at a park - on the monkey bars, slides, swings. Older children push them on the swings, play "train" with them on the slide, and teach them how to do cartwheels.

Ashley: STUDY 3: Pain "Mommy! Mommy! I don't want to go to gymnastics anymore. I'll never be able to do a cartwheel. I'm afraid of hurting my leg when I fall. Jeremy and Marcia and Karen and Phyllis can do them and I can't. I hate gymnastics."

Margaret: Trust is being sure of others - knowing your hopes, fears and feelings are safe with them. It develops through different experiences and the way they are handled. For me, trust isn't immediate - it takes time to become strong. (November 9)

Narrator: "Patience," says the writer Simone de Beauvoir, is one of those "'feminine' qualities which have their origin in our oppression but should be preserved after our liberation" (1976, p. 153). Elbow (1973) says that the academic doubting game requires a "combative kind of energy that feels like clenching a muscle." . . . while the nurturing, caring, "believing game is waiting, patience, not being in a hurry. . . . A kind of trying not-to-try". Trustworthy truths gestate slowly, and people must "fight the itch for closure" (Elbow 1973, p.177, 180, 181) (cited in Belenky et al 1986, p. 117-118).

Noddings : I let the object act upon me, seize me, direct my fleeting thoughts. . . My decision to do this is mine, it requires an effort in preparation, but it also requires a letting go of my attempts to control. This sort of passivity . . . is not a mindless, vegetablelike passivity. It is a controlled state that abstains from controlling the situation (1984, p. 163) (cited in Belenky et al 1986, pp. 117-118),

CUT TO

a young dark-haired woman (Freda) is in a conference with the instructor.

Freda: Please be patient with me. (November 2)

CUT TO:

Title flashes on the screen : **FEELINGS**

Prof: The more they write, the more their feelings begin to surface. This is an important part of the recovery of self, of the discovery of voice, of the acceptance of values, of self-respect. It's also an

important part of the teacher-learner relationship. We grow to cooperate and accept one another for who we are, who we are discovering that we are, and who we are becoming.

CUT TO:

Zoa and three other women are seated around a coffee table in the Faculty of Education Coffee Shop, sharing what they wrote with the instructor. As Zoa reads her audience of students and instructor listen intently.

Zoa: Your last week's journal to us was the best and most touching I've read yet. I thoroughly enjoyed every word. Your thoughts are very inspirational and if you don't mind, I would like to take your ideas on critical thinking and learning, especially your analogy of Rembrandt, Renoir or daVinci to you as a teacher, and use them as a part of my thoughts. I loved it, it's so true.

I have never been so overwhelmed with work in a course, like this before. There were times I'd "curse" you, and my husband was tempted to buy me a bar of soap that would fit perfectly in my mouth. There were times when I'd scream. I can remember one time in particular, when Carla and Kelly were over and we were working on our lesson plan. After I typed the very last word and counted up how many hours we spent on it (34 hours), we each grabbed a sofa cushion, smothered our faces in it and all screamed so loud, by this time Paul (my husband) was ready to drive us to the nuthouse.

Last night Carla came over so we could paint the pictures in our big book. There was paint all over the place - we were like little kids. After making mistake after mistake and correcting them we "cursed" you again, and once again when we finished we smothered our faces in a sofa pillow and screamed - it's become a ritual. And you know Olenka, now that I've completed all my assignments, and I feel things are under control, I have time to think about the course. I think I "cursed" you because I needed to direct my frustrations on someone, and because you were my only prof who really pushed (because you care), you were the "cursed" person. . .

Even though I haven't yet found the time to read all the articles you've handed out to us in each class, the ones I did read were exciting and inspirational, and the ideas will definitely become part of my philosophy. Thank you for your time and trouble in locating and photocopying these articles, they are helpful, informative and can you believe, I even used a quote from the article on "Writing

and Reading Literature from the Inside Out" in one of my Christian Theology papers, And, I like knowing and learning in one class so I can apply it to another class. It makes me feel so good inside, it makes the knowing and learning seem so worthwhile and gives you a craving for more of it. (December)

CUT TO:

Jackie walks over with her cup of coffee to the group - Jenny, Shirley, and Zoa in the previous SCENE - and joins them. The camera starts with a full view of her, zooms in to a waist-up shot and finally a C.U. The camera then alternates between C.U. of the reader and C. U. of the instructor.

Jackie: I thought the exam was fair. There was choice and that is what I like, you can choose the questions you think you can answer the best.

This exam wasn't what I thought it would be, we were able to use our own ideas and THINK not reiterate exactly what we had been told during the course.

This exam did bring my thoughts together. I found once I started writing, more ideas came to my mind and I wrote more and more. After reading over what I have read I'm quite pleased and I feel I have a better undertsanding about early childhood reading now.

This course has been a lot of work and I think I have resented that sometimes but you can't get anything from a course unless you are willing to put something into it. As my husband always says: "No pain, no gain." I feel I have gained a lot from this course and my students are going to benefit. (December)

CUT TO:

Return to students and instructor sitting around table in cafeteria during break time. The camera starts with C.U. of Zoa, then alternates between C.U. of the other listeners, and instructor.

Zoa: I liked the way our class was arranged and that a group of us sat together at a table rather than separately in individual desks. I'm a strong believer in group work. I believe that you learn more when in a group rather than individually. When you're working in a group you hear everyone's thoughts and ideas adding them to your own, making you re-evaluate your own, come up with new ones or by just one word from a group member may make something old and thought lost come

into a new perspective. I really appreciate that you let us work on projects together because I really believe "two heads are better than one". The other person's questions can spark insight whereas if you were alone the question may never have been asked therefore the insight would have to wait. This class was open and had an atmosphere I don't really know how to explain. Even though there were "oodles and oodles" of assignments and I felt stuck in a lake of work, I also felt free. Free to smile (my smiles are always genuine), get angry (this is genuine, too) and most important free to express whatever I was thinking. . . (December 7)

CUT TO:

Title flashes on the screen: **DISCOVERY**

Prof: For me the moment of self-discovery is one of the most exciting. We have come along far enough, nurtured enough new experiences, that new insights are made. And then, after enough of these UREKA moments we begin to become conscious of them. Then we crave those moments of discovering new insights, and go about nurturing new experiences, again patiently awaiting the special moment.

CUT TO:

Mountain climbers going up a mountain. The process is very methodical, almost tedious. Ice packs, chains, ropes, hammering all precede one step upward. By the end of the following monologue, one of the climbers has reached the top.

Jenny: I'm being tortured by a critical thought all the time - I hope I can arrange it in a comprehendable way in time to write my 25 page paper on 'my philosophy of education'. I'm still very much in a pondering stage, my thoughts leap and bound, then jump and dive, and I become critically confused. (November)

CUT TO:

Instructor is speaking in her office. A C.U. of her face suddenly freezes. As the camera pulls back she is in front of a mirror - washing, removing her make-up, brushing and clipping back her hair. Changing into a ki - karate uniform. Camera cuts to her working out - stretches, push-ups on her hands, fingertips, on one hand, to the side, then to the group practicing the cuttas, finally to her in a sparring match with another student. Then she bows to signal the end of the match, removes her mouthguard and mitts.

Prof: It can be kind of scary to come face to face with your soul. To discover who you really are, what you really believe in, what you value, what you want, what calms your soul, what excites you. Not because you have been trained or conditioned or taught but because something inside you resonates with who you are.

I think that this has to be a principle of teaching - to help students overcome their fears. Fear is layered. As the layers peel away your inner truth is revealed - irridescent like the onion skin - a mirror of your soul, or perhaps even your soul itself! The moral responsibility associated with this peeling is to help the layers re-form in harmony with their core. Most people have not come face to face with their innermost selves. They do not know what it is they will find, and are often extremely surprised - traumatized even. We can't leave them hanging, nor can we put them back together. But we must make it very certain that we are there to support their re-construction. By support I mean any time. I have had students call me at midnight, 6:30 a.m. Never did they abuse that call. When they called they really needed to talk to someone. I don't think I solved their problems, but I provided a support network that they could count on.

The problem is with continuity. When the 14-week course is over we rarely meet or see each other again. I am occasionally asked to write letters of recommendation, I even bump into people. We usually have an exciting and personal conversation, but they rebuild on their own. Once I even called a student. I was glad that I did. I sensed that the student was afraid to ask for support, perhaps she couldn't even hear the offer. We talked for 3 1/2 hours. Nothing was resolved. We went through certain conceptual differences, but the time spent was the important thing. She was *worth* the time. Her ideas were heard. Now in retrospect, not yet with 20-20 vision, I would guess that I was not allowing or honoring enough construction. I think I wanted to prove that everyone would go through what I went through. I blinded myself to things in order to protect my own reconstructing - my own construction. That is probably the most dangerous moment of all - when the constructing stops and the construction stays. Each moment it sits, unshaped, unblown by the whirlwind of ideas, the more it solidifies, freezes, concretizes. Then there is certainty. And in certainty one forgets about uncertainty. One follows a path unquestioningly. The freezing is like a

a barrier to new ideas, new questions, new ways of looking at things. (personal journal entry - not shared with students)

. . .

A university is about life - mental life. At least for me the university provided that. And I guess I saw that I could get most everything else out of life elsewhere. However, as I go on I see that it is more than that, too.

CUT TO:

A conference in the instructor's office. The camera starts with a full view of Brenda, zooms in to a waist-up shot and finally a C.U. Then a photo montage of Brenda at home - arranging cut flowers, in a crystal vase, attractively preparing a tray of hors d'oeurves for company, then dancing a solo modern dance in a studio work out.

Brenda: Drama with Carey: It certainly was an experience. Valuable yes - but definitely not in the way I anticipated. She is a bundle of energy and has a planet full of ideas. She's free and spontaneous and shines with a purity which I adore. This magical part of childhood delights me but at the same instant embarrasses me. The reason is that their gift - opening themselves up so readily and sharing every part of themselves - only confirms our grown-up socialization hang-ups. It makes us feel vulnerable because in play, WE don't make the rules and without OUR rules there aren't any boundaries and without a neat little picket fence to tell US how to behave or where our limitations are - OH NO - how will WE MANAGE? I used to feel sad when I thought about a flower who grew, blossomed and extended herself and then became trapped by a wall or cramped in a corner - but perhaps that's how many people honestly feel more comfortable. Am I wrong? (December)

CUT TO:

A conference in the instructor's office. The camera starts with a full view of Patti, zooms in to a waist-up shot and finally a C.U. Then a photo montage of Patti at home - doing laundry, washing dishes, setting table, reading a good night story to her children (who are dressed in pyjamas) on the living room sofa . . .

Patti: Dear Olenka,

My head is buzzing from the idea I have met this week (from an ECS conference emphazizing literacy). . . .

I want to talk about my feelings toward last week's writing class first of all. . . . I didn't feel the topics were something I wanted to share with the people at my table. Maybe I was a bit ashamed to show them how narrow my focus on life has been lately. Anyway, I chose the fourth one. So I wrote a frivolous little paragraph about a country masquerade dance. I wasn't happy with it but I shared it with Heather anyway. It was interesting to write it from a different point of view though. For my long piece of writing I chose to write about an experience that happened about five years ago in the wilds of B.C.. But now that I have all these new ideas in my head I want to scrap it and write about something that really matters and has changed my life. I think listening to David Booth at the conference and reading Dillon and McConaghy's article on "Literature, Literacy, and Becoming a Person" as well as Alice Gantz's article made me understand why I wasn't all that happy with what I wrote. I am going to write about losing my mother-in-law to cancer of the liver last year. I realized now that a topic like this is going to reveal my innermost thoughts, fears, feelings but it is something that I want to share with others. You have to write about something that *matters* to you, something that you feel strongly about, if you are really going to pass a message that has meaning along to someone else.

I guess I am starting to understand more now about the role of literature in our lives and the lives of our children. We expect our children to grow and through literature we read to them and they read for themselves they come to understand, sort out, react to and deal with things that are important in their lives. But we as teachers can't think that we know it all. We are learners as well, so we have to make time in our lives to have literary experiences. We have to read. write, and continue growing. I have got to stop thinking that my life is ordinary and no one would be interested in what I have to say. (October)

. . . When I started writing journal entries I felt that I didn't know where to begin and because of that I always had to spend several hours reading before I started so that I would have something to write about. Even then it was an effort to write. Now I find I have so many ideas and see so many connections that it is easy to write and before I know it I am beginning to wonder if I am rambling on.

Now that I am almost finished my big book I find the same thing. Making myself create has made it easier. I started out spending three hours per page because I was so unsure of what I was doing but towards the end I was able to complete a page in about two hours. I felt more sure of myself. I'm going to continue my writing and I have a few ideas for predictable books that I would like to try as well. Thank you for helping me see that I have potential. Good luck with your career and your family. (December)

CUT TO:

Ashley distributes a sheet of paper to each member of the class, then stands at the front of the class. Her ankles are not crossed, but her head is still lowered. She is still nervous, but her hair is tied back. She wrote this piece as a tribute to the class. She glances over the edge of the paper from time to time to try to "read" her audience. The camera starts with a full view of her, zooms in to a waist-up shot and finally a C.U. The camera then alternates between C.U. of the reader and C.U. of some of the student-listeners, who are also reading along.

Ashley: *(not too loudly)* This one is a poem. I made a copy of it for everyone to read along with me. *(with confidence)* STUDY 5: Fear

Our world leaches on fear:
Horror show sequels, soap opera scandals, Vietnam memorabilia, cops and robbers.
The music, the zoom lens, the still eye of the camera, the unexpected silence:
Blood and bludgeoning. Guts and maming.
Pride and honor. Guilt and humiliation. . .

But the biggest fear is ourselves -
who we are,
what we believe in,
what we stand for,
what we allow,
what we defend,
to whom and what we pledge our allegiances.
To expose our innermost selves to ourselves is a greater fear than exposing it to others.

To feel the helplessness of exposure.
To come face to face with no one else to blame,
no other excuses,
to stand truly alone.
To not be told what to do next.
To grapple.
To have no one to blame.
To have no one to save you.
This we all fear.

And even greater is the fear of fear itself.
Naked.
Piercing.
Merciless.

We run in the other direction whenever it is mentioned.
Our thoughts flee to moments of plastic happiness
Escape.

Aw, the world of pretense - masks and costumes,
lines and roles,
stages and scenery.
The familiar.
The perfected.
How safe the script, the blocking, and the show!
And then what???

There are no purple hearts, no medals of honor,
no scholarships, no awards of distinction.
There is rarely any acknowledgement of overcoming fear.
We mostly try to pretend that it doesn't, and never did, exist.

CUT TO:

The instructor gets up from the table in earlier scene and moves to another table to join students. The camera starts with a full view of instructor, zooms in to a waist-up shot, then cuts to a C.U. of Carla, then Marion. The camera then alternates between C.U. of the reader and C.U. of the listeners.

Carla: *(whispering)* Personal meaning is wonderful and through the journals we were able to make meaning for ourselves - I gradually built up my confidence since what I said was not wrong, rather it was me - that is exciting! (December 7)

Marion: The light, I can see the light. The light at the end of my Semester # I, Year 4 of University, and it feels GREAT (Christmas is lifting my spirits, too). (December)

CUT TO:

Title flashes on screen: **COMMUNICATION**

Prof: I guess the name of the game is real communication - constructing a world in which you can be honest, accurate, and really "talk" to and with others.

CUT TO:

A collage of 30 second flicks: women talking on the phone, women holding hands, face to face, in mourning, women walking and talking, a group of students in a discussion in class, the prof in a conference with a student.

Narrator: "Really talking" requires careful listening; it implies a mutually shared agreement that together you are creating the optimum setting so that half-baked or emergent ideas can grow. "Real talk" reaches deep into the experience of each participant; it also draws on the analytical abilities of each. Conversation, as constructivists describe it, includes discourse and exploration, talking and listening, questions, argument, speculation, and sharing (Belenky et al., 1986, p. 144).

In "real talk" domination is absent, reciprocity and cooperation are prominent. Although doubting may still be used to test ideas and may even be described as invigorating or fun, constructivist women are much more likely to replace doubting with believing as the best way of getting the feel of a new idea or a new friend or colleague. At times, particularly in certain academic and work situations in which adversarial interactions are common, constructivist women may feel compelled to demonstrate that they can hold their own in a battle of ideas to prove to others that they, too, have the analytical powers and hard data to justify their claims. However, they usually resent the implicit pressure in male-dominated circles to toughen up and fight to get their ideas across (Belenky et al., 1986, p. 146).

CUT TO:

A grade 4 classroom. The children are parroting the multiplication table. On the blackboard are 10 spelling words and a list of "homework" tasks. No one is smiling in this classroom. The mood is very serious and the classroom is meticulous - everything has a place!

Narrator: Between now and the future there is an immense gap in which many influences are at work upon each one of us, and in sacrificing the present for the future we are pursuing wrong means to a probably right end. But the means determine the end; and besides, who are we to decide what man should be? By what right do we seek to mould him according to a particular pattern, learnt from some book or determined by our own ambitions, hopes and fears? (Krishnamurti, 1953, p. 23).

CUT TO:

Title flashes on screen: **SHOCK**

Prof: In the end the question I usually come back to is: What impact do the statements students make about written language have on the values they instill in others towards written language - especially to their students in public schools? Sometimes, in order to get an answer that can be worked with, I have to shock the students - stir up their taken-for-granted world. Maybe that's not my responsibility, in the sense that it is not in the written job description of a professor. But, as Kennedy said, "If not me, then who?" What students have been taking for granted is sometimes shocking to them. Their own discovery of what they really think often results in them beginning to think differently.

CUT TO:

Psychedelic visual covers the screen.

Narrator: Repetition and habit encourage the mind to be sluggish; a shock is needed to awaken it, which we then call a problem (Krishnamurti, 1953, p. 111).

CUT TO:

A grade 5 classroom. This one is more person-centred. All children are working on indiviudal projects. High noise level, rather messy looking classroom. Students are deeply engaged in learning - in thought, in reading, in creating models, in discussing . . .

Narrator: Surely, to ask "how" indicates, not a free mind, but a mind that is timorous, that is seeking an advantage, a result. The hope and effort to become something only makes the mind conform to the desired end, while a free mind is constantly watching, learning, and therefore breaking through its self-projected hindrances (Krishnamurti, 1953, p. 111).

Brenda: LANGUAGE EXPERIENCE CHARTS and a moment to listen to a child's stories. What fun! I am so happy to have had the 'language experience' experience even if it was in modified form. Donna (9) and Francine (6) are sisters and are exceptionally bright. We ate sugar cookies and they made up the story, Yuck! Miss Restaurant. They responded with excitement and really wanted to go on to chapter two. Francine decided that we should write "written and illustrated by". . . on the second page. She told me how to spell most every word and she watched carefully as I formed

each letter. She still mixes up her d's with b's which Donna gets upset about. As we read back each sentence, Francine was soft spoken but she defintiely is reading every word. (I think she was intimidated by Donna) Sometimes she added a few extra words. Donna and Francine love to make up stories and illustrate them. Francine told me that when she makes up stories she likes to use pretend names but mostly she likes to *pretend*. I was surprised to hear her qualify this. I somehow felt a child stopped pretending once she realized she was. I know this isn't the case but it is certainly an interesting thought. I really am intrigued by the child's world of imagination and pretend. Maybe what I am touching on is the many depths and textures within the world of make-believe. We use fantasy for various reasons - escape, excitement, adventure. . . some don't even realize they are fantasizing (I am thinking of a young child). . . Some stop themselves from entering the pretend place because they don't think they belong anymore (socialization misfortunes). I really enjoyed listening to them as they drew pictures. They talked about Geraldine wearing dirty socks or it being a very windy day and I reminded myself of two things: firstly, how much meaning a child brings to a seeming simple picture, and secondly, how important it is to ask children about their stories and pictures. It is so refreshing to hear them giggle and plan and create - Innocence and youth is somehow revitalizing. Especially when I feel so drained - I wished that my looks wouldn't be so terribly truthful of how I feel sometimes. (December)

CUT TO:

Camera switches to a scene of Marilyn tutoring a 10 year old refugee from Vietnam. She is very gentle, personable, helping her to write a story.

Marilyn: My Big Book - Olenka, I may have done it for YOU, but really, in the end, I did it for me. What a joy and an incredible release it was to be able to do something creative in the midst of essay writing and preparing final presentations.

Also, in the three weeks I spent organizing, planning and actually completing my big book, "The Important Book", by Margaret Wise Brown (You remember how I commented on how this book satisfied a need a class of Grade One children had) some very wonderful things happened in my apartment.

Seeing as I couldn't be bothered putting everything (glue, crayons, paper. . .) away every night, for 3 weeks my book was sprawled across our (my 2 sisters and I live together) living room floor. Being constantly reminded of "The Important Book"; conversation nicely focussed on the importance of certain things. Why is an 'orange' important, 'friendship', 'love', 'sharing', 'Christmas', 'gift giving'. One soon comes to appreciate objects and events when their characteristics are reflected upon (like honesty and truth in teaching). Also, a lot of sharing of ideas and help went into the production of my big book - that's why my sister's name appears on the cover alongside mine.

Not only did this project nurture creativity, but sensitivity as well.

I can hardly wait to share my book with children. (November 30)

CUT TO:

Return to table where prof is speaking with a group of students. Focus on Freda.

Freda: . . .I think I've learned to deal with stress a little more effectively and not to let it get a hold of me so that it controls everything during these times, now I'm in control of it and it makes me feel like a conquerer at times. (December 7)

CUT TO:

A poster hangs on a university bulletin board. It reads:

Narrator: In love there can be no fear, but fear is driven out by perfect love: because to fear is to expect punishment, and anyone who is afraid is still imperfect in love. (John 4:18-19)

CUT TO:

Prof and students at table, drinking coffee. Zoom in on Jackie.

Jackie: I enjoyed the final presentations. There was a wide range of topics and I could see a lot of people took time to prepare informative presentations. It also gave us a chance to see our peers in front of us as teachers. I was surprised that I wasn't nervous when I talked in front of the class. I

have no problem talking in front of a classroom of kids but sometimes I am nervous in front of adults. It may have helped that at school I had given a presentation along with the vice-principal on holistic marking.

The most important thing I have learned in the past three months is that I am more creative than I thought I am and I am tapping that resource more when I teach. I'm enjoying teaching more (if that's possible because I love teaching) and my children are having more "fun" in class. I'm sure open to new ideas and I'm taking risks.

I have a better understanding about language as being developmental. Each student goes through the stages at different rates and as teachers we need to be aware of that. I've learned that reading stories to children is very important and should be done more not less.

. . . I just finished writing the final exam. (My arm is sore) This is the first time I have had a take-home exam. The stress wasn't there when I wrote it. I wrote it over 2 1/2 hours which included breaks to stop and recollect my thoughts or look through my notes or text (and have a snack break). (December 6)

CUT TO:

Title flashes on screen: **SHARING**

Prof: In the end I hope that the sharing we did in class will spark sharing outside of class. As their voice strengthens, their confidence builds, and their passion grows students have no choice but to share. It is morally compelling.

CUT TO:

Jackie is delivering an in-service to the staff of her elementary school. She is bubbling over with enthusiasm, hand-outs, and ideas. She has mounted story models on the walls of the staffroom, brought in samples of student's big books, and is sharing excerpts from her students' daily journals.

Jackie: I've been sharing these ideas from class with the other Grade Two teacher. (We share everything together, we are very lucky because we get along so well together.) We both commented that as teachers, you always need to keep bringing new ideas into your classroom. I've

taught for 7 years and I've taken courses every year from computers to reading and I strongly believe that as teachers we have to keep on learning. My ideas and teaching strategies have definitely changed from my first year of teaching. I wonder how they learned that first year, I was so strict and curriculum orientated. (November)

CUT TO:

Title flashes on screen: **FREEDOM**

Narrator: "Freedom is at the beginning, it is not something to be gained at the end" (Krishnamurti, 1953, p. 111).

"The right kind of education is not concerned with any ideology, however much it may promise a future Utopia: it is not based on any system, however carefully thought out; nor is it a means of conditioning the individual in some special manner. Education in the true sense is helping the individual to be mature and free, to flower greatly in love and goodness" (Krishnamurti, 1953, p. 23).

CUT TO:

Brenda continuing her modern dance. She is wearing red tights, from shoulders to ankles, and a red skirt that flows as she spins, kicks, whirls about the floor. The music in-forms her dance and her facial expression shows how she feels it. The music to which she dances is faintly heard in the background.

Brenda: It is the teacher or person who graciously steps out of herself/himself with smooth flowing transitions who has earned the fullness of peace;
who has found a BALANCE!
This balance suggests
an equilibrium of freedom and limitation
strength and frailty
reason and passion
knowledge and ignorance
satisfaction and question
love and hate
desire and disinterest
perfection and blemish
pleasure and discomfort
peace and turbulence
activeness and passiveness
me and you (in the grand scheme)
nakedness and protection
.....
I shall work on this again
but I best get started on my

exam because I am enjoying too much
freedom - that's the problem. I probably could answer the exam questions by allowing myself to flow on but that isn't in the rules. I am not saying that structure or formality is negative. I just question the margins. Anyways, I hope to come back to this because I hate the feeling of this being my last journal. So I will start a sentence and not finish it so I have to come bac--.---][']<>
(December)

CUT TO:

C. U. of the faces of all of the women in this show are flashed on the screen. They are all smiling, reflectively.

Narrator: "Again, fear is not a private affair because, long-sustained, it breeds a sense of helplessness that is out of keeping with the responsible practices of freedom. . . When [the adult] feels helpless, he will feel helpless not merely AS AN INDIVIDUAL but AS A MEMBER OF SOCIETY .. . . He withholds from society his portion of that responsible interest for which a free society must depend upon its members. . ." (Overstreet, 1951, p.112).

CUT TO:

Title flashes on the screen: **CHANGE**

Prof: Freedom is change and the desire to be free to change. It is grounded in love, the acceptance of who you are, even in your change, in your daily life.

CUT TO:

Shirley, a woman in her early twenties, is boldly telling three other students - Jenny, Jackie, and Cynthia about the course. They are on their way to the coffee shop in the Faculty of Education. The camera starts with a full view of the three women, walking down the corridor, zooms in to a waist-up shot of Shirley, and finally a C.U. The camera then alternates between C.U. of Shirley and full shot of the four ladies. . . Scene ends with sound of money deposited in a coffee machine.

Shirley: I found the final very challenging and very fair. I think the question I was most afraid of was about personal growth and development. I think it was good that we were asked to try and answer it.

Overall I have found this course very helpful, a little stressful at times, but very informative. I realized how when I was student teaching I wasn't as effective as I could have been. Asking the question about what is the foundation of literacy really tied things together for me. We must

provide lots of materials to view, read, write, and lots of opportunities to do these activities. I think also we need to promote an atmosphere where the children feel free to grow, develop, discover, and share. (December)

CUT TO:

A group of ten are caving in the Rocky Mountains, belaying down a 70 foot shaft, squirming through body-width tunnels, admiring stalactites and stalagmites, rappelilng up the shaft, helping one another, holding hands, pulling, holding tow ropes. . .

Jackie: I have heard some definitions that in order for something to be creative it has to be new to mankind. I disagree. I think that as long as it is new to the person, young or old, then it is creative. I think that I am being creative when I take ideas that I have read or even ones from our night class and change them to be used in my class. If I take an idea like the favorite words and use it then I don't think that's creative but if I take some ideas and change them somewhat then I think that is being creative. . . *I* realize I'm getting hum drum in some areas and I need to change. . (November)

Prof: When I sense a regaining of self-confidence I let go. Most importantly, I never ask of students what I would never ask of myself. I never expect them to experience something that I have not experienced myself. Thus, I am always seeking new experiences - new ways of seeing reality. Like this past spring. I went caving. I wanted to face the types of fear that most people acknowledge - the fear of squirming through a twenty foot shaft no wider than your body, no taller than your body. For a claustrophobic member of our team, this was a personal challenge that became a personal feat! I wanted to experience the awe of knowing that billions of tons of rock were above you and you fit into an air-filled cave with such naturalness. I wanted to feel insignificant and still feel full of meaning. I wanted to experience new metaphors to help me get closer to the fears of my students - and myself.

CUT TO:

A photo montage of women doing daily chores - women of all ages and all physical shapes are cleaning, cooking, caring for children, hugging children, attending to the needs of "hurting" children - boys and girls; in parks, as cashiers, as waitresses, as bus drivers, reading newspapers,

reading Harlequin Romances, reading novels, reading philosophy books, talking in pairs, groups, older women, younger women, teenagers, young children; women running track, playing basketball, watching TV . . .

Narrator: Women, like other members of our society, want to live a full life. In their roles as parents and teachers they have great influence on the society of today and especially, of tomorrow. Jerome Bruner, renowned psychologist of this half of our century, offers this advice to all teachers: "My message to all the teachers in the world: Get together with each other. Have confidence in yourself. Get together with your colleagues and students for discussions. Trust your own intuition. Think again about first implications; talk about them. Connect with each other, and connect inside yourself. Don't go sour. Do things on the basis of your own best judgement" (Bruner, 1980, p. 38).

CUT TO:

A class portrait - students and professor raising their hands in victory.

Prof and students: (*shouting and smiling*) . . .and don't be afraid!

V. INTERVIEW WITH DOCUMENTARIST

He slowly begins to learn - bit by bit at first, then in big chunks. And his thoughts soon clash. What he learns is never what he pictured, or imagined, and so he begins to be afraid. Learning is never what one expects. Every step of learning is a new task, and the fear the man is experiencing begins to mount mercilessly, unyieldingly. His purpose has become a battlefield. . . .
He must not run away. He must defy his fear, and in spite of it he must take the next step in learning, and the next, and the next. He must be fully afraid, and yet he must not stop. That is the rule! And a moment will come when his first enemy retreats. Learning is no longer a terrifying task.

The Teachings of Don Juan by Carlos Castaneda

G.S.A.S.: Olenka, you have just completed your first documentary. How do you feel about its following?

O.: I don't think it has a following yet. I feel that it came as close to what Ted Hughes calls poetry that I could make at the time.
Of course, if I were to start the same inquiry now, it would be quite different. In fact, I think that I would probably explore sculpture and the sculptor as my metaphor for the act of teaching - for both what goes on in my mind as I act and my actions.

G.S.A.S.: Would you create a sculpture?

O.: Yes, a moving sculpture that could be seen, examined, and admired (i.e. wondered about) from above, below, inside and outside - using glass, metal, wood . . . . A sculpture that makes sounds, moves, and still, in its silence, is aesthetically pleasing. Of course I'm not a sculptor, but I'd enjoy finding out about sculpting.

G.S.A.S.: Yes, but you're not a director either.

O.: This is true. However, I've had considerably more experience in the film business than the art scene. I mean I've written scripts for children's television that have been produced. And I have put together a number of inexpensive Ukrainian language animation videos. So I did have some familiarity with the process. And naturally I did some extra research.

G.S.A.S.: What was the message you wanted to convey in your documentary? What messages do you want your reader to leave with?

O.: Those are tough questions. I don't think that there was only one message - but many. In fact I picked the form or medium of documentary because I thought that it could accomodate or reveal a *multiplicity of equally important messages simultaneously*. I hoped that it would capture the complexity of life, and especially of teaching.

A part of me wanted to highlight the process of knowing; not just to acknowledge that there is a process, but to really show it - to reveal its complex inner workings. It is neither simple, nor logical, nor easy. I *struggled* - with bedsheets, straightjackets, with ideas, words, with form, and content. I struggled to find resonance, evidence (the state of clear seeing), and clarity. In education we are always talking *about* process, but seldom do we truly reveal it.

> The struggle truly to possess his own experience, in other words to regain his genuine self, has been man's principal occupation, wherever he could find leisure for it, ever since he first grew this enormous surplus of brain (Ted Hughes, 1967, p. 124).

Still another part of me wanted to provoke - to put forth some ideas for discussion - not for some final judgement - i.e. in the judicial sense of reviewing evidence, declaring innocence or guilt, and dismissing the case - but for discussion - keeping the ideas alive or nurturing the 'half-baked' ones. Maybe the dissertation is like catalyst theatre - offering audiences glimpses of themselves, inviting them to talk about those glimpses. Or, maybe it is like collective creation where together students and teachers create another level of reality - a social phenomenon. The power in a teacher-learner community needs to be more fully examined and acknowledged *at the university level.*

Another part of me wants simply, like narration in film, to "keep its enigmas alive until the end but in so doing attempt to 'lie as little as possible'" (Branigan, 1984, p. 180). In other words I don't want to reveal all of the puzzles or conundrums of my struggle - or their solutions, if there are any - until the end. However, I guess this coulld be called an end and you deserve an authentic answer to an authentic question.

What messages did I want my reader to leave with? Hmmm. . . I wanted viewers to witness the beauty of discovery - the budding of seeds of ideas that grow spontaneously, unexpectedly, and with such joy. I hoped that there might be a way of capturing the excitement and awe of discovery, of bringing the reader/viewer right into that process.

I hoped viewers might feel a certain kin-ship with at least one of the characters in the documentary and perhaps, in the end be perturbed by the experience, or en-couraged by it, or dislodged by it; to see or hear or feel something new as a result of seeing and hearing and feeling the documentary/dissertation. Maybe one of them would be inspired to fulfill a childhood or life-long dream. . . . or at least become inspired to make some of Ted Hughes' kind of poetry in their lives.

I hoped that university professors might get a glimpse of the value of poetic and expressive discourse styles of writing. Perhaps this might lead them to re-examine the system of evaluation and the types of assignments they use. Perhaps the changes in ideas about learning would blossom up to the post-secondary level. Perhaps, more professors might take interest in the epistemologies of their students. Perhaps they might attempt to see students in terms of growth and development. By witnessing the paradigms of shimmering beliefs, values, attitudes, interests, dispositions, and information of their students perhaps some professors might become interested in teaching by perturbation - I mean, in a *conscious* way?

I hoped that women's voices would be understood, and not just judged, valued and not just e-valuated, that they would be heard for what they are - not for what social norms want them to be.

I guess I hoped that the learning that each woman in Ed. C. I. 491 experienced, or the type of knowing that each woman revealed would further the research into "ways" of knowing, whether they be of women *or men.* I hoped that these epistemologies would become more commonplace in educational research - in educational talk. I guess I hoped that this dissertation would first, make a contribution in confirming the direction taken by Belenky et al. in examining these epistemologies and second, be a catalyst for *combining/integrating/revising* these yin-ly and the more well-known (established) yang-ly ways of knowing.

G.S.A.S.: By yin do you mean the work of Belenky, Clinchy, Goldberg and Tarule?

Q: Yes. They - the four authors and 130 women's voices they drew upon - had a real strong influence on me. When I read their book, I felt that an autobiography of my deepest secrets had been written. I quoted extensively from this book in preparing a justification for the script. Some may criticize this apparent dependence on one source. Some may ask why others were not consulted. I just couldn't violate the bond I had developed with Women's Ways of Knowing. It

spoke to me in such a complete way. I read it about six months ago. Perhaps not enough time had passed for me to distance myself from this work.

I think that there are times in our lives when we rely on something new, when we depend on that new-ness in an unbalanced way - like when we commit ourselves to a new and favorite TV series and for awhile stop watching old favorites, or like when we discover a new novelist and then for awhile read exclusively his or her books, or when we limit our shopping to one 'favorite' store or one 'favorite' mall, or even like when we discover a new friend and commit most of our time to that new friend. The moment when we see/understand this imbalance and *do* something about it is also significant. My dependence or reliance on Women's Ways of Knowing was not a mask for laziness. I wasn't too lazy to find other sources. The fact is, I was afraid to further explore feminist ideas. I have always been the 'good student'. My parents told me to get a job or develop a career to have something to fall back on - a way to support my children. Feminism is still too radical for me - too strange, too value-laden - not the ideas or values in the movement, but the movement's value in society. Belenky et al. noted that constructivists were often labelled by family as 'having changed, as if change was bad' (1986, p. 65). Too many people who have been so dear to me in my life believe feminism is "bad". But this realization, at this point in time, is a step closer to actually reading feminist writers. Deep down inside, I "know" that I must, and that I shall! To not accept that is to not accept learners for who they are and where they are at, to not live together in daily acceptance, to not have room on this planet for all. It is, I guess, to value genetic, intellectual, emotional, economic, social, or academic engineering.

G.S.A.S.: Now that the documentary is done, do you feel the same about your intended messages?

Q.: Well, I think that enough time has now passed for me to seek out other writers on the themes I touched upon, other perspectives. But one can't undo the past and I have learned that I must live with the consequences of my actions. That is *responsibility*. Sure, I have the right to change things. I am not under some stringent time lines. I could rewrite the documentary, I could re-format the dissertation. But to do so would violate the importance I am trying to place on process and form.

To change the form would be to misrepresent the form that gave it birth. To change the form would be to *not* reveal the process that gave it birth. That would be incongruent. *Form is as important to the birth of ideas as the ideas themselves.*
I am reminded of an article that Daiyo Sawada (1989) once gave me. He wrote about shibusa art - "shibusa is the highest form of aesthetic attainment in Japan" (Sawada, 1989, p. 1):

> It is this beauty with inner implications that is referred to as *shibui*. It is not a beauty displayed before the viewer by its creator; creation here means, rather, making a piece that will lead the viewer to draw beauty out of it for himself. In this sense, *shibui* beauty, the beauty of the Tea Ceremony, is beauty that makes an artist of the viewer (Yanagi, 1972, p. 124 in Sawada, 1989, p. 10).

Shibui is believing, not doubting. I wonder if it is not letting form emerge, trusting the form that is emerging, being free, freeing yourself to let it emerge? trusting yourself, respecting yourself, having confidence in yourself? I wonder if it is not the constructivist becoming an artist? I wonder if it is not simply loosening or releasing boundaries?

As I have mentioned to you in the past, I am not alone in believing that we must demystify university thinking and writing. The form that this study took, and the freedom to explore form, and the development of a disposition to let form emerge, are steps toward that de-mystification. Sure, it is possible that some of what is read will not make much sense to others. But perhaps the realization that 'half-baked' ideas may not make entire sense is part of the demystification process.

> As the physicist Niels Bohr put it, great innovations inevitably appear muddled, confusing, and incomplete, only half-understood even by their discoverers, and a mystery to everyone

> else. There is no hope, Bohr said, for any speculation that does not look absurd at first glance (Ferguson, 1980, p. 151).

G.S.A.S.: I heard that you wrote this documentary in a very short period of time. How did you do that?

Q.: I suppose that that depends upon what you call 'writing'. I only spent two weeks - day and night - sitting in front of the word processor. That is true. But I spent years thinking, reading, writing, struggling with the ideas. I took weeks inputting the golden nuggets of women's talk - many months earlier - before I even knew how they would be used or incorporated. And of course, I spent years teaching to acquire the experience, reflections, and insights about the act of teaching. No, I don't think that one could say that I wrote the documentary in a short period of time.

G.S.A.S.: The women in the film talk a lot about being 'cared' about. Why do you think that was so?

Q.: Because they were cared about. Because they too cared about others and because it was a pure pleasure to have that caring turned back on them. As adult women caring is what we GIVE; seldom do we GET it in return. We give children, spouse's, house plants, and pets care. Plants grow and thank us. Dogs lick our faces and thank us. Cats caress our legs and thank us. Children tell us at the most inopportune times that they love us and thank us. Spouses bring us bouquets of flowers and thank us. But all of these acts - as wonderful as they are - do not really give us care. They only *acknowledge* that we give care. We need more. We need to work in an environment where we are getting more care than we are giving. I think that that is what *nurturing* is. Then we begin to grow because we aspire to give more. That giving, that capacity to give more and to be more is in each of us - it is infinite, but we have to discover that for ourselves.

G.S.A.S.: Many critics are confused with how you handled 'time' in this documentary.

Q.: Time - our fourth dimension. Yeah, that would be in the sculpture, too.
Time. Here we are. There we will be. There we are. What was it like here? What is it like there? How can I capture a now-ness in the future? a then-ness in the present, a before then-ness in the past? I am reminded of a part of a poem - *Burnt Norton* - by T. S. Eliot:

> Time present and time past
> Are both perhaps present in time future,
> And time future contained in time past.

Perhaps what you are referring to is the way time is expressed in a documentary? I know that some viewers mistakenly see the documentary as a collage; but it is in fact a montage. In French a *montage* means a visual exposition designed according to conditions that determine order in both space and time. The documentary was not haphazardly thrown together; it was carefully ordered so as to reveal a pattern of becoming, as I experienced it teaching Ed. C.I. 491 and in my reflections on that teaching. What did I determine to be most important, most significant, most enlightening, most exciting?
I start off trying to set a stage for discovering what fear is and how it relates to teaching. It seems to me that the best place to start with identifying fear is by dislodging it. So, in my real teaching I try to dislodge it by asking students to transform their self - their beliefs, values, attitudes. . . - into other forms - writing, poetry, art, drama. I don't explicitly ask them to show their fears. I know that they are there - they are in all of us. But I offer them situations in which fear can be discovered and must be overcome. I tried to capture some moments of these experiences in the visual text of the documentary. In the moments of identifying fear students also find 'voice' - authentic self-expression. Then, I step back and watch them grow.

What I discovered was that many of them followed a similar pattern. Many, not all; some students only got part way through this "process" when the course ended; a few actually completed the whole circuit.
First, they all needed to develop CONFIDENCE, then a deep SELF-RESPECT. Suddenly GUILT began to emerge as a theme in their writing. As they identified guilt, they began to discuss fear of JUDGEMENT and FAILURE. Elaborate autobiographical explanations about confidence, respect, guilt, judgement, and failure seemed to signal RECOVERY OF SELF. Only at this point would I say that they were able to REFLECT and be deeply HONEST - more honest than they had been in their autobiographical anecdotes.
Up until this moment in the cycle my role was to model confidence, respect, honesty, to en-courage students, and keep perturbations flowing. Then my role switched. My en-couragement was mixed with more criticism - a new perturbation. I continued to model, but that modelling pattern had already established itself so I didn't have to emphasize it - it was no longer a perturbation. . . .
Now I had a new role: I had to become PATIENT. Some students had to learn to be patient with themselves.
Dealing with time - not being able to control it in any way brought us to discuss FEELINGS. And then we were able to address FEAR. Some students moved on to identify the importance of CARING and FREEDOM as other necessary pre-conditions for their own personal growth. And so, the order described in the documentary seems like the order in which this cycle of growth occurred.
Now this should not *in any way* be interpreted as a formula. I do not yet know whether the above order is 'fixed'. I do, however, have a strong sense that the conditions of the learning environment - caring, honesty as expressed through authentic listening, speaking, reading, writing and viewing of teacher and learner, expression of feelings, and freedom - may well be necessary for the study of ideas. Yikes! 'Necessary' is a word with a bit too much certainty for me.

G.S.A.S.: When you talk about the conditions of the learning environment 'necessary' for discussion of ideas do you mean for women *and* men?

Q.: Definitely. It is, in fact, more difficult for men to express their feelings in this society and culture than for women. Men aren't allowed to show feelings, although that is slowly changing. If ideas are really important, really valued as a part of education, as a part of learning, as the 'play' of the mind, then we simply must nurture the environment in which they can first be identified, then acknowledged, then understood and discussed, and then judged and selected or rejected. By judge, here I mean self-selection. It is perhaps about the ENVIRONMENT in which that process might occur that I feel most confident speaking. I mean an environment of perturbations.

G.S.A.S.: You have spent much time studying camera shots, angles, pans, montage. Why has this been so important to you?

Q.: Because I wanted always to keep both an intensity and a complexity present in the work. I am always striving to show inter-connectedness of the speakers and the listeners. That was what kind of community Ed. C. I. 491 was. Remember, "Cinema is an art and a medium of extensions and indexes. Much of its meaning comes not from what we see (or hear) but from what we don't see or, more accurately, from an on-going process of comparison of what we see with what we don't see" (Monaco, 1981, p. 136) and what we hear with what we don't hear.

The camera angles and positions, the visuals that our eyes take in are important and have a great impact on our perceptions and judgements. Here I am influenced by Pudovkin and Eisenstein, whose perspectives on montage are polar opposites:

> Pudovkin discovered categories of form and analyzed them. Moreover, he was greatly concerned with the importance of the shot - of mise-en-scene - and therefore displayed an attitude that we have come to regard as essentially realist. He saw montage as the complex, pumping heart of film, but he also felt that its purpose was to support narrative rather than alter it" (Monaco, 1981, p.323).

> "Eisenstein set up his own theory of montage - as collision rather than linkage - in dialectical opposition to Pudovkin's theory. . . .For Eisenstein, montage has as its aim the creation of ideas, of a new reality, rather than the support of narrative, the old reality of experience. As a student he had been fascinated by oriental ideograms that combined elements of widely different meaning in order to create entirely new meanings, and he regarded the ideogram as a model of cinematic montage" (Monaco, 1981, p.323).

These two opposing views signal "balance" to me. I tried to document "balance" - the need and desire for it - in the dissertation.

FOR MORE OF THIS INTERVIEW SEE APPENDICES C, D, E, and F.

APPENDIX A
EXCERPTS ABOUT "TEACHING" FROM PERSONAL JOURNAL

It has taken me almost five years to feel like I am a competent teacher of teachers. I have taught about one course per semester during that time and had lots of time to reflect on what I have done, why, and even how. My five years began with uncertainty about what I knew and what it meant to be a good teacher and became inundated with questions, answers to those questions, and more questions . . . . While I knew a lot of the research about language teaching and learning I never felt that I had a clear view of what teaching was, what it meant, when I was really doing it.

This uncertainty became a key theme in my teaching for two reasons. First, it made me wonder about the probability of certainty itself. Could research be so right? Or, better phrased, was it not possible that other possibilities also exist? Second, it made me concretize the image of a good teacher that I had in my mind, and pursue the roots of such an image. I am certain that uncertainty was a theme experienced by students in my courses - their frustration tells me so.

Teaching was very important to me. In a Faculty of Education I felt that I had to do more than just know the research. I was supposed to be a model. No one ever told me that - it just seemed to make sense. At first it was particularly easy to model. I created activities in each class that allowed students to use all of Halliday's functions, Tough's functions, and some of Britton's expressive language. I felt confident that students would be better able to offer their students equal opportunity after they had experienced or "lived" such an approach themselves.

By second semester, however, I was becoming cynical. Even in the team-teaching situation I was in never did I hear anyone talk about their teaching. And why were grades always the focus - the focus of students' questions, the focus of bringing staff members together, and the focus of many campus bulletin boards? My attempts to talk about university teaching met with puzzled looks and the silence of resistence. Were my questions too confrontational? My informal invitations to be observed were never taken seriously. On the few occasions that I shared the activities I did with my students, my puzzled audience always left me with a nervous stomach, feeling as though my honesty had left me more ostracized than before. I continued to teach, wondering whether I was so wrong. Was it possible that the teaching, and hence the learning, that occurred at the university might affect how teachers teach? Furthermore, was it not possible that the developmental views of literacy, writing, language development... might continue beyond the age of 12, or even 17? The incongruence between what I heard from instructors about their teaching and what they seemed to espouse about teaching in the elementary school was becoming

The faculty members I knew were concerned. Sometimes I felt that they were desperate for recognition; sometimes I thought that they only needed the amount of attention any employee who cares about his or her job needs; sometimes I thought that they were programming themselves to believe and behave in a certain way:

> "Teachers are not doing a good enough job in the schools. Therefore, we are not doing a good enough job in the university."
> "Why don't our graduates speak positively of their experiences with us?"
> "What about the mentor relationship? Maybe we could institutionalize it!"
> "What about effective teaching? The school boards are really looking into this movement. Maybe we should offer some courses on it - that would better prepare our graduates for the job that awaits them!"

I began to wonder if teaching was a recipe, a science, an art, job preparation, or a series of coincidences. All the time I wondered, I must confess I never seemed to have the time to read about teaching itself and I was never invited, or even encouraged, to discuss or observe university teaching. None of this seemed to make any sense. None of them took care of this rookie - me - so why would they be so surprised that most veteran school teachers didn't take care of the rookies in their school. The more I thought about it the more it seemed that the Faculty of Education did not see itself as having much in common with the school. This was puzzling. I thought that the Faculty was supposed to "prepare" students, or maybe even "model" good teaching. But it seemed that it was only supposed to be a place that talked about all of that! Then suddenly I found sense in this senselessness: Of course, students can't respect people at the university. The latter see themselves as academics, scholars, or researchers; not teachers. The students best related to teachers because they had something in common with them. "They belonged to the same club!" as Frank Smith

Frank Smith would put it. University students had but one thing in common with their professors - a course that culminated in a grade, that brought them one step closer to joining the club they wanted to belong to.

Then I began to see another incongruence. My fellow instructors in language seemed to talk about important concepts and principles, too. They were talking about monitoring students, about individualization, about creativity, but were their students experiencing these things? Who was really practicing giving students an opportunity to use all of Halliday's seven functions of language, to read for a variety of purposes, to write and discover THEIR voice. . . I was beginning to sound Deweyian. Yes, I believed that experience was important. All of my experience with sports, movement, and coaching suggested that I had to experience things before I could really teach them. Hence, if I expected my students to do the things I was talking about with their students I would have to give them an opportunity to fully experience what that was. It made sense to me!

I saw myself as a teacher. I wanted to be a teacher. I loved reading the research and I had faith in its validity. I wanted to make it meaningful to my students, meaningful to their lives as human beings first, as potential parents, aunts, or uncles second, and as teachers third. Perhaps I could afford to have these goals - as a sessional lecturer I didn't need to complete an annual report that indicated how valuable I was to the academic community.

I remember the feeling of "having arrived" that filled my body when I was first asked to teach a university course. It was both relief and like a dream come true. Finally someone recognized that I had something to offer! (though I was now faced with finding out what it was that *I* thought I had to offer!) As I sobered I began to wonder why I had even had the dream of wanting to teach at a university. It was a status thing, my gut told me. I loved school. Everyone called me "smart" and as I continued with my studies it seemed that academic life was my unquestioned destiny. I wanted to fulfill the dreams and expectations of others - of my former teachers, friends, bosses. I now see that inside I had something to prove - that I could fulfill their dreams for me.

Consciousness of my motivation left me little room for me. In the dreams of others I was a lecturer - stimulating, captivating, knowledgeable, and perhaps even witty. As I began to prepare for the first big course, however, one motto seemed to take shape: PRACTISE WHAT YOU PREACH. Seldom in my university experience in a faculty of education had I experienced professors who taught in a way that was congruent with what they told us to do with learners. There was something magical about that first class. They even invited me to their private class graduation a few years later. They were eager, excited, willing to commit, full of questions about why we do the things we do, especially relating to RED TAPE. They had a sense of humour. They worked hard. They tried.

I had given guest presentations for other university classes before so I came on as a young, but not inexperienced, instructor. I couldn't admit to being a beginner - hardly to myself, let alone to them. I knew lots of neat teaching "tricks" so I organized each class in a way so as to expose and use them. I knew intuitively that that would impress them. Inside I felt that I had to win them over - to show them that I was not going to be like the other university profs (although, I confess, I had no statistical data to suggest what they were like and I hadn't gone to this university!). I think I was almost begging them to give me a chance. While I knew that the tricks would win them over, it was WHY we would choose to do those tricks that I really wanted to stress. I introduced doses of theory and developed practical activities to practise and apply the theoretical principles. The assignments were "gruelling", as one student put it, "but very worthwhile once they were done." I made them state what they had learned from each assignment at the end of each and again what they learned from the course at the end of term. Students commented about the "tricks" and the confidence the "tricks" gave them. They also wrote about the things that they had taken for granted - "everything wasn't as easy as it seemed when you actually had to do it". This realization seemed to heighten my credibility: if they were learning something, maybe I knew something! I felt really good about this. I could see that I had figured out an effective way to help students both understand and recognize the importance of the ideas of Halliday, Tough, Wells, Britton, Graves, and Vygotsky to language development.

I relied heavily on my experience and worked them hard. We met about 18 times - twice a week for 6 weeks, a one month break during which time they completed their first practicum, and for three weeks at the end of semester. Each two hour class allowed me time to explore major issues in

language arts - I did two sessions on writing based on the 3-day workshop I had taken with Graves, one session on drama based on a course I had taken in my undergraduate years, one session on literature based on my own readings, a session on language experience based on a book by the McCrackens. They each gave a brief presentation about a teaching technique (relating it to the ideas of Halliday, Tough, and others) during 3 or 4 sessions. It didn't seem to take long to fill up the classes with what I thought was meaningful to them as people and important to them as teachers. They took all of the hard work- critiques of 5 articles, a major 5-day lesson plan assignment, a daily journal about their practicum experience, and a final exam. They took it somewhat begrudgingly and admitted at the end of the course the two reasons that they did withstand the assignments. First, they wanted high marks. Second, they had a sense of obligation to me: if I was working so hard, so should they.
By the end of the semester I felt less content. I had done my best, but there was so much that I didn't know, and lots that I did that I didn't get to convey. I had always had problems with time management so this wasn't surprising. I mean, I usually think that it will take much less time to carry something through than it does, and therefore, that I can do much more during the same small chunk of time. And, I wondered, if ever, I would be able to proudly call myself a teacher within this institution!

My secret motto for the second semester was to get students more conscious of what teaching was. I relied on what I had to be conscious about in PRACTICING WHAT I PREACHED during the first semester to be ever-present the second. My big project was to organize a set of readings about a variety of topics, give students class time to read them, ask them to comment about them in a journal form, and present one of them to a small group for discussion. It was a bit like an SRA activity. I even had a color-coded box outside my door! I was excited about this project because it was my way of showing the possibility of individualization. It also helped me gain more knowledge in the field as I had to select the articles, and it gave me a bit more confidence that I was exposing students to the right thing, whatever that may be.
It worked well. However, I had encountered new concerns. First, the two sections of students I had were quite different, even though they were registered in the same course. I taught the classes the same way. After all, this was the *fair* way of doing things. And I knew how important fairness - evaluation and grades - were to these students (i.e. jobs were scarce and getting scarcer and they had been told that high marks were their best chance at getting a job. I remember trying to disspell that myth based on my experience working in a central office, sometimes with personnel, for a school board. Marks are important, I stressed, but employers look at the whole package - your age, experience, personality, maturity, extra-curricular activities, interests, hobbies, and connections!)

Still, despite my efforts at justifying equality, something began to eat away at me. I wasn't getting through to one of the groups. I didn't feel good about bumping into students from this class. I didn't seem to have anything to say to them in the hallways or library. It was the first time that I felt that I had to motivate adults. It was the first time that I had to address the cut-throat attitude of some students. As the term progressed I realized two things. First, some students were undermining the class by making up gossip. Second, I was allowing it. I had tried to open up to both groups, but was constantly rejected by one. I had asked students to submit journals regularly. The journals from students in one group were honest, open, serious attempts to make sense out of the information and readings from this class and others. The journals from the other were similar, but submitted in envelopes - as if they didn't dare let any other class member see their inner world - see them as they really were.
Half-way through the term both groups complained about the workload. However, by the end of the semester, students admitted that they worked hard and got out of the course exactly what they put in. Something else happened. By the end of term ideas started to fall into place. Students were beginning to be able to articulate what went on inside their heads as they read, thought, taught, talked. . . I knew what they meant - this was reflected in their journals, but I couldn't really articulate it. One student in the "good" group accused me of trying to be SUPER-MOM and SUPER-TEACHER. I think she meant idealistic and too hard a worker. RELAX, she told me. I think there was truth in her reaction. And I think that she meant it in a caring way, though I took it with shock and slight pain. Someone was questioning my integrity. Worse, I could never tolerate people who called things that I had DONE idealistic. If I could do them, so could others. I had spent a lot of time thinking about idealism. Ideals were not bad, though the word had acquired

some negative nuances during my undergraduate years. Profs and ideas were not taken seriously if they were so labelled. Now I wonder if it was more a lack of imagination on the part of students! I found ideas exciting, mind-bending, scary, mysterious, like looking for something in a dark cave. Holding only a lighted torch I never knew when or where there might be a bend in the cavern, where it would take me, but I was always curious enough to keep looking.

By the end of term I decided to write my first journal to the class. My feelings and pride could not be acknowledged in any other way. There was a group sense that developed in the good group and I felt that I had to write to them all - the same letter - something that touched on that corporal spirit. Here's what I wrote.

To: Ed C I 325

Thanks for making Wednesday and Friday mornings worth getting up to. Thank you for your sometimes puzzling looks for they forced me to clarify ideas. Thank you for your honest comments and trust in class, conferences, and journals for they have helped us to see each other as fuller human beings. Thank you for tolerating your own frustrations with the course and style of teaching for they have taken you to new worlds of your minds. Thank you for reminding me that I should have given you breaks during our 2-hour classes, that I should have been more punctual during conferences, that we should have read our oral literature more regularly, AND accept my apologies for not having done so. Most importantly, however, thank you for giving me faith in the potential of our new generation of teachers. I sincerely hope that the future holds jobs for you so that you can continue to grow and question and wonder and learn.

Olenka

P.S. I have two parting comments. First, don't let the marking system alienate you from the good in you. Second, don't accept the status quo - do take risks!!

I felt an obligation to write to the other group, too. Equality was paramount to me. But, as I sat down to write my message to this group, nice things were much harder to say. I began to sense (I think this now) a lack of respect. I tried but just couldn't get through. This was my first failure - what I would now call a perturbation that forced me to revise some of my theories about life and learning. Their letter came out like this:

To: Ed C I 325 B2,

Although all of you have not written journals I intend for this to be my journal to all of you. I have a few things to say to you that I have held back all term and now feel that I must share. First, thank you for being the biggest challenge I have yet faced in my teaching career. I wish that I could say that this challenge was a positive one with a positive outcome, but I cannot. Instead, I would characterize it as a time-consuming, thought-provoking, often depressing one; but one which I learned a lot from. What did I learn?... that no matter how hard I tried I could not develop "trust" in this class because it takes a mutual agreement for trust to develop. . . that each of you as individuals seemed caring, serious, and interested in education but that as a group some of you had a negative attitude (Try being enthusiastic to that on a regular basis!)(so I guess a group is more than the sum of its parts!). . . that your pre-occupation with marks seems to have alienated you as much as industrialization alienates assembly-line workers - from life, the important human attributes. . . that I reacted to you in a way overridden by emotion in the last few classes out of shear desperation (perhaps I should have confronted you with this, instead?. . . but how could I be honest with a group (not individuals) I didn't trust?) For this I apologize. . . and that people (students) who start rumors must do so to blind themselves from their own weaknesses and erroneously make them into strengths.

Second, I would like to say that because of the negative group dynamics in the class I do not think that you got as much out of the course as you could/should have. Too bad that the energy you spent expressing your general disillusionment with education and the system (through general attitude) couldn't have been channelled into doing something about the "status quo" (even in a small way).

Finally, I wish you great rewards in your chosen profession and hope that you will continue to learn and grow and change and question and reflect.

Olenka

Both letters were HONEST. I felt that they reflected what I felt and what they must also feel, in some way. But I was a bit embarassed about how different they were. In fact, I was scared to give the one to the challenging group out. I waited until after the final exam. As each student handed the

exam in to me, I handed my journal to him/her. My heart thumped loudly and my arms broke into a sweat as I distributed my journal. It was the first time that I had committed my feelings to paper. This was a record, it was on the record, others might see it. (I had already been called weird by a few members of the department - these letters were sure to extend that. Talk about paranoid!)

I was now taking a doctoral level course about teacher education. Four of us would meet once a week to discuss what we were doing in our classes. We were all teaching the same course. One instructor was tenured, had a full doctorate, and ran the meetings. She had taught the course once before. With one full semester of experience and teaching two sections I was like a veteran. The other two students were also rookies, although older and more experienced university people. I looked forward to these sessions at first. I imagined them to be opportunities to really discuss teaching. They weren't. Although I never saw any of them teach I always felt that they were lecturers. Worst, they didn't seem interested in challenging students with ideas, but rather in transmitting knowledge that someone else (a committee) had decided should be transmitted in this course. They hadn't had to make any major decisions, so why should their students?? I wrote a journal to them, too. However, I never had the courage to actually send it to them. It went like this:

When I was an undergraduate the Education Building had only nine floors. Now that I am a graduate student I find that it has ten. The elevator still only carries me up to the ninth floor, but with a bit of courage and energy anyone can make it up to the top, I am told. With six weeks of experience with my new status I decided to risk the walk up. The climb is exerting. The silent echo of my lone footsteps in the stairwell makes me wonder if I've done the right thing - leaving my job, my income, my security to pursue something unknown for pure intrinsic growth. I look forward to the opportunity that the residency requirement of the graduate program provides - to discuss issues and ideas with colleagues (staff and students).

As I approach the second flight of stairs I get a premonition of what awaits me. The tenth floor must be a miniature Athens - everyone always seems to be there! Some Socrates will be in every cluster of chairs and tables waiting to show me and my colleagues what we cannot yet see in ourselves. Or perhaps a Socrates and Aristotle will be sitting in some central forum debating their views and the impact thay have had on civilization, or at least on modern society. Maybe Dewey, Eisner, Tyler or Apple drop in from time to time to clarify questions posed by us young practitioners. Or, perhaps Mr. King or Mr. Horseman will be there solliciting views of practicing teachers on some of their upcoming policy changes.

I reach the final door. My sweaty palm squeezes the handle - will my mind be able to compete with those that sit beyond this door? Maybe I should turn back. What do I know about anything? WELL GO FIND OUT a voice urges me inside. I cross the threshhold. Indeed, it IS here that I will find the answers, the stimulation. Still one long corridor to go. I turn right to look at the faces of the stimulated. But I find no Athens, no forum, no Socrates. Sofas and chairs have been grouped to accomodate small cliques. The buzz now sorts itself out - students, being overworked and underpaid, and social chit chat are the topics of discussion. Just like my old staff room or the government cafeteria.

I turn left under the pretext of buying some soup to catch my breath. Many of my profs are sitting in the clusters. I see a few fellow students, too. I try to catch someone's eye as I balance my soup tray, but no one is responding. I walk steadily along the clearly delineated path between clusters of cliques to the far side of the room waiting for someone to acknowledge me, to invite me to join the group. Half way across the room I realize that there will be no invitation and my eyes fumble for a lone chair. There's one free sofa cluster. Wait. If I sit there I'll be even more conspicuous. Besides, who would I invite to join me? Where will I sit? There's a back room. I enter. It isn't empty but at least I am out of sight. I sit. As my heart rate falls to its normal pace I begin to enjoy the soup.

What was I trying to say? I guess it seemed that fitting in socially counted more than fitting ideas in to learning and practise into teaching! I guess it seemed that there were no serious people here to accompany me as I unconsciously took up Richard Pring's challenge! I guess it seemed I didn't know how to navigate my compass in this neck of the woods, or that I had ended up in the wrong neck of the woods.

I didn't teach again for four months. Instead, I took courses - with Alan Blum and David Smith. Wow! did I learn to think. I began to run through the unfamiliar cavern, more excited than ever at

the need to make split-second decisions about rough terrain, unexpected turns . . . The idea of the simultaneity of the things we do began to germinate. I began to think about all that we do as we walk - yes, automatically, without thinking; of the vast variety of stimuli that are being thrown at us every mega-second - sounds, sights, smells, touch, what we may say, but mostly I focussed on all of the visual stimuli that I was taking in at one time, particularly in the classroom - student's facial expressions, eye contact, what they were looking at, their attention span . . . Many decisions I made in class were "on-the-spot". They ventured away from my either clear-cut plan or gut-level direction. This seemed so different from what I was taught teaching was. Maybe I *was* weird!

Through all of these courses I had another principle I followed. Class attendance was compulsory. I never really lectured, and certainly not about the readings; however, I did clarify ideas from them when I suspected that students didn't get their point, or upon request. I planned class activities to involve experiences, that always had some moral or lesson, that I HOPED would be a clear conclusion. The importance of group work - what could be done in a group that couldn't be done individually, the need for individual time and space - how our learning is ultimately individual, the role of talk - through discussions, the need to look inside your beliefs for insights about your teaching. I still think of class gatherings as opportunities to do things that could not be done individually. Students could read by themselves, they could summarize notes from a book or article by themselves (so why lecture); on the other hand they couldn't reflect very well in the class situation - time never allowed it and it was too important to stay paced with the class. So, I conclude now, I had two major goals in my planning of those earlier classes; first, I wanted to create a corporal spirit in order to recognize the difference between group and individual, and second, I wanted to get students to think - not regurgitate, but think. . .

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APPENDIX B
COINCIDENCE?

These graphics of M. C. Escher were completed well before my time. Yet, without ever having seen them I described an experience of coming to understand paradigm strangely and profoundly akin to these expressions. Coincidence? How can ideas nurtured in such unalike environments - in time, language, culture, gender, age . . . - be so alike?

(The following three pages have been removed due to copyright restriction.)

APPENDIX C
CONTINUATION OF INTERVIEW: REFLECTIONS AND RECURSIONS

G.S.A.S.: The visual component of this work seems to be very important to you?

Q.: Yes, very. Now that the documentary script is completed I am truly hesitant to produce it. To produce it would be to rob the reader of the shimmering images in his or her mind and replace them with the "real" ones caught by a camera. It would be to not invite him to the edge of the pond. I think that the images of characters that I offered helped the reader to see each person as a *person*; not as a mind without a body, home, or taste in clothing- but a *real* person. But I wouldn't want to go much farther. The rest is up to the reader to imagine - to "fill in" or leave "un-imagined", just like the teacher has to do.
Rather, I would wish that the documentary be reflected upon. How did it fit with your sense of teaching? How did it "in-form" you? Even if the metaphor did not fit, the dissonance should lead to some in-form-ation or re-form-ation. Did it "re-present natural people in actual locations"?

> The documentarist selects topics, people, vistas, angles, lenses, juxtapositions, sounds, words. Each selection is an expression of his point of view, whether he is aware of it or not, whether he acknowledges it or not.
> Even behind the first step, selection of a topic, there is motive. Someone feels there is something about the topic that needs clarification, and that if one can document aspects of it (the whole truth is a legal fiction), the work will yield something useful in comprehension, or agreement, or action.
> The documentarist has a passion for what he finds in images and sounds - which always seems to him more meaningful than anything he can invent. Unlike the fiction artist, he is dedicated to not inventing. It is in selecting and arranging his findings that he expresses himself; these choices are in effect, comments. And whether he adopts the stance of observer, or chronicler, or whatever, he cannot escape his subjectivity. He presents his version to the world (Barnouw, 1974, p.288).

Did my point of view inform you? Was it overwhelming? incomprehensible? React. Be honest with yourself: why is *your* reaction what it is? What biases does it reveal? What fears are you concealing?

G.S.A.S.: Am I correct in inferring that you were offering the documentarist as a metaphor of teaching?

Q.: Good question. I spent many years looking for a way to describe my teaching. As the documentary form emerged I realized that I was really searching for a metaphor that fit what went *on in my mind while I taught*.

G.S.A.S.: The mind inside the *real* person?

Q.: Yes. Back to metaphor. Belenky et al. use the metaphor of *mid-wife* as teacher, that is as a connected-knower teacher. I liked that. It is very womanly. We *do* try to help give birth to ideas and growing selves.

> Many women expressed - some firmly, some shakily - a belief that they possessed latent knowledge. The kind of teacher they praised and the kind for which they yearned was one who would help them articulate and expand their latent knowledge: a mid-wife teacher. Midwife-teachers are the opposite of banker-teachers. While the bankers deposit knowledge in the learner's head, the midwives draw it out. They assist the students in giving birth to their own ideas, in making their own tacit knowledge explicit and elaborating it. . . .

> Midwife-teachers encourage students to use their knowledge in everyday life. Women spoke often of their need for "practical" information, ranging from the most obviously and immediately useful (facts on child rearing, how to dress for a job interview) to seemingly remote matters. A Greek drama read and only dimly understood in college rested in one woman's memory for years, rising to offer her solace upon the death of her child. A community college student, veteran of the streets of Spanish Harlem, credited a philosophy course with saving her from being mugged. 'There was this teenager ready to mug me. I remember thinking so fast. I could do one of three things. I could scream, which is no good; no one's going to hear me. I could run away, but he's going to catch me in a minute. Or I can face up to him. That's exactly what I did." She pretended she had a weapon, talked a fast line of street talk, and convinced the boy to let her alone. "If hadn't been taking philosophy at the time I wouldn't even have said I had three choices. The whole course was about choices" (Belenky et al., 1986, pp.217-219).

Macrorie in Twenty Teachers uses the metaphor of *enabler* as teacher. The teachers or enablers in his book

> work in startlingly similar ways and share many attitudes and principles. They all hold high expectations for learners. They arrange the learning place so that people draw fully on their present powers and begin to do good works. They support and encourage rather than punish. They ask learners to take chances that sometimes result in failure, and to use their mistakes productively. They nurture an environment of truthtelling that puts learners at ease while they are experiencing the excitement and unease of challenge.
> Its a Moebian way, fusing polar opposites like subjectivity and objectivity, freedom and discipline, the individual and group (Macrorie, 1984, p.229).

We *do* try to make students able to fulfill their dreams and callings. I certainly did have high expectations, tried to create a conducive work environment, supported and encouraged students, valued truthtelling, and tried to fuse together seemingly polar opposites. But there is something that I do, whether it is good or bad, that does not seem to be captured in the metaphors of teacher as enabler or mid-wife.

DeVito talks about *teaching* instead of the teacher. To him teaching is a relational process. The stages of this interpersonal dynamic are: precontact, awareness, contact, involvement, intimacy, deterioration and dissolution. During "intimacy" we begin to talk about more issues and penetrate more deeply into our individual value structures and personality. We emphasize perceptions of each other as individuals rather than as roles, responding to each other as unique entities. Deterioration

> represents a normal and healthy developmental process in which the student is preparing to separate from the mentor, not unlike the bird leaving its nest. . . .Dissolution makes it possible for each to formulate new relationships that hold possibilities for new learning (DeVito, 1986, p. 55).

DeVito concludes that an interpersonal approach to teaching should be a valued consideration of teaching style. Most of this happens to me, too, though deterioration and dissolution seem less clear to me. I think that more time than a fourteen week course is needed for these final 'stages' to occur. Or, perhaps I am denying that the stage existed?

Perry suggests that the teacher might play the role of *counsellor* or *therapist*. In his research, conducted on more than one thousand male undergraduates at Harvard in the 1950's and early sixties, Perry concluded:

> The only consistent recommendation that students had was: "Every student should have an interview each year like this." . . . The message, we believe, is more general: that students should experience themselves more vividly as recognized in the eyes of their educators in their efforts to integrate their learning . . .(and make) responsible interpretation of their

> lives. . . .(W)e hear the students as hungering for a nutriment essential to growth and meagerly supplied within the conventions of present-day education (Perry, 1970, p. 214).

G.S.A.S.: You mean a *new* education system?

Q.: Yes. I think that that is what Perry means:

> The growth demanded of (these students), and for which they yearn, involves a new kind of responsibility. Fifty years ago, our researches suggest, a college senior might achieve a world view such as that of Position 3 or Position 4 on our scheme (of nine positions) and count himself a mature man. Now he must go beyond the assertion of his individualism in certainty to affirm his individuality in doubt. To be viable, the new aloneness requires a new realization of community.
> How many educators provide more of this realization? Confirmation of the growing person in any community is of course an art and in large part implicit. Beyond its provisions in ritual, it is more effective where its spontaneity conveys the conviction that membership is assumed, and "goes without saying". For the fostering of a sense of community in the committing of intellect and care, therefore, we would be reluctant to recommend particular procedures or rituals. We could, of course, conceive of many institutional procedures and forms which might emerge as useful provisions, but to start with them would be to invite the spirit to go elsewhere.
> This is why we feel that this study, if it is found to have a general relevance, leads more indirectly than directly to educational applications (Perry, 1970, p. 214).

I don't think that the art of nurturing self-development can "go without saying" any longer. It does not seem to be happening in a way that can be talked about, and here talk would be important.

The idea of a teacher as counsellor is also discussed by Belenky et al.:

> . . . the kind of self-analysis required for complex connected knowing has been largely excluded from the traditional liberal arts curriculum and relegated to "counselling". In institutions that are more progressive, or less rigorous (depending on one's point of view), students may be encouraged to develop their own curricula, exploring their own self-interests, and to use their own personal experience as a source of knowledge. Under these circumstances, women find it easier (although still not easy) to identify and articulate their needs and desires and preoccupations (Belenky et al., 1986, pp.123).

Salmon (1985) describes three metaphors for living, but they can apply to teaching, too. First, there is the metaphor of a card game which reminds me of people who put their futures in the hands of fate.

> No player can win unless other players lose. Some players, whose initial endowment was fortunate, whom chance has blessed with favourable circumstances, or many gifts, start the game with an excellent hand. Others have been dealt a much less advantageous one, or perhaps have already thrown away the good cards they started with by rash behaviour in youth. But, despite the inequalities of the hands held, there is no knowing who is actually going to win the game of life. A good hand does not inevitably bring success, nor a bad one, failure. Winning the game depends on *playing the cards right* (Salmon, 1985, p. 127).

The second describes natural cycles. I think that Salmon is referring to the influence of developmental theories and art on our notions of life. If we are just patient we *will* develop - physically, emotionally, socially, literarily . . . and that development is an emergence, an unfolding:

> Within this metaphor, every phase of life has its own meaning, its own dignity. There is grace and delicacy, as well as promise, in youthful forms of life, and loveliness in the flowering of youth into manhood, womanhood. . .
> In the card-playing metaphor, our human embodiments have little significance. Our bodies are merely one of the cards we have to play: a trump, if we happen to be the right shape for a low card, if our physique fails to meet the conventional gender stereotype. By contrast, if we see our lives as a natural cycle, it is through our embodiments that we express their deepest meaning. . .
> In this metaphor, human life is not something which we construct for ourselves; it is our own nature unfolding (Salmon, 1985, pp. 134-136).

The third describes a dream-maker. I see the dream-maker as a constructivist, as someone who not only acknowledges that s/he constructs her/his world, but also, can take charge of that constructing in a future sense.

> Each of us lives a story that is ours alone. It is this story which gives our lives their essential shape, defines their heights, their plateaux, their declines, marks out their movement, direction, changes in direction. In living, we tell our own stories. Nor are these stories merely a catalogue of the events which occur within our life-span. As the authors of our personal story it is we who must select, from the myriad happenings we witness daily, what belongs to the story and what lies outside Only we can weave what we select into the narrative, only we ourselves can link what is happening now with what has passed, and with what may yet happen in our lives. As authors, we have agency. . . (Salmon, 1985, p. 138).

I like these notions, that's why I mention them. But I'm still not certain how they fit into my notions of teaching or teacher. I don't see my classroom as a card game, but I think that there are many students, especially at university, who do. In fact, this perspective would probably fit into Perry's first position of moral growth and intellectual development. I'm still rooted in developmental perspectives - it is extremely difficult not to discuss this perspective when presenting historical overviews on literacy or language development and teaching undergraduates who are inundated with developmental theory in most of their courses! But it is difficult to jump to these ideas without common experiences. I believe in growth and change. It would be great to have an educational system that valued this, too. I can't be someone else's dream-maker! Maybe I can *enable* others - students - to be dream-makers? . . I'm not sure. I'll have to think about this a bit more . . . .

As you can see none of these particular metaphors completely fit *my* experience of teaching. I spent one term both teaching an undergraduate course and sitting in on three other courses taught by three tenured professors, in three different disciplines. I attended classes and discussed what was happening in terms of "learning" with both the students and professors. Each professor, whether we want to admit it or not, had a *hidden agenda*. We wanted students to learn certain things - attitudes, beliefs, values, dispositions, information, insights . . . We wanted students to experience certain processes. We developed situations in which they could experience things that we think are important. We hoped that those experiences would help them be different than they were (i.e. perturb them) before the experience.
What I really hope is that the difference is more broad-minded, more accepting of others - more like Perry's position 5 or beyond, or like the constructivists in Women's Ways of Knowing, or beyond. Not just tolerant, but truly *accepting*. Now that may sound hippocritical. It sounds like I am not tolerant of them. I guess it seems to me that some relationships are better than others; that some are healthier, that some have room for more. Of course, there is room for the intolerant and the racist on our planet - we have no choice about that, but I think that we have a responsibility to understand those perspectives, and in the process of understanding to try to present alternative perspectives. We can't force someone to change, but we can *hope* that they will. We can hope that there would be no war, no nuclear waste, no pollution, no murder, no suicide, no AIDS. But what can we DO about it? Make documentaries. Teach. Confront the issues with possible solutions - think. And of course, hope. In the end, hope seems to be the only thing we know *for sure* in teaching.

G.S.A.S.: Another popular metaphor about teachers is teacher as decision-maker.

Q.: Yes. When I teach I make oodles of decisions. I select articles to read. I shape activities. I choose questions to be discussed. I develop assignments. I select the students to answer my oral questions in class. But if I were to deny that I had a hidden agenda - even if that agenda is to love, to accept one another in our daily living - I would not capture a part of what goes on in my mind while I *am* teaching and while I am thinking *about* teaching.
The hidden agenda is not the same as decision-making. I do have a hidden agenda and it changes. Now, the mid-wife has no hidden agenda. She is there for one main purpose - to help give birth. What if a student doesn't want to grow - do we say, sorry you're not pregnant? Come back when you are! The enabler has a hidden agenda - s/he seems to help learners develop abilities. I really see the importance of attitudes, values and beliefs, too. I mean it is essential that they be explicitly stated - brought to the open for personal examination - not for *my* judgement, approval or disapproval, but for personal *self* examination.
The documentarist at least is explicitly honest about the role of values, beliefs, and attitudes in his work. I am reminded of what characteristics of the documentary and documentarist appealed to me - made me feel like this metaphor fit:

"The documentary teaches" (MacCann, 1973, pp. 13-14). *I teach.*

"Documentary's message is for a community" (Rotha, 1952, p.26). *I try to foster the development of community.*

Documentary "demands accuracy. . .asks understanding of human values and knowledge of issues governing our society today and in the past" (Rotha, 1952, p.26). *I value accuracy - honesty - and understanding of human values and knowledge.*

The purpose of documentary is to bring "to life familiar things and people, so that their place in the scheme of things which we call society can be honestly assessed" (Rotha, 1952, p.26). *I really try to ground the content of each course in the real world.*

Documentary "cannot regret the past. It cannot prophecy the future" (Rotha, 1952, p.116). *I try to meld these notions of time into my values.*

Documentary is the "observation of natural material on its actual location, from which themes may arise. . . (and) the interpretation of that material, to bring it alive as a reality on the screen, which can be attained only by a complete understanding 'from the inside' of such material and its relationships" (Rotha, 1952, p.106). *Well, I keep looking for what's 'inside'.*

"It is the meaning *behind* the thing and the significanace *underlying* the person that are the inspiration" for documentary (Rotha, 1952, p.116). *Yes, dig, dig, dig. I'm always asking students to dig inside themselves for more.*

"Robert Flaherty was the father of the factual film, the first important film maker to document real life using real people and real locations. . . Flaherty began the romantic tradition which freely, spontaneously, and poetically celebrates man and his life; his films are humanistic statements, not political ones. His purpose was to explore, to document, and to affirm life, not to make propaganda and not to educate, except in the broadest sense of acquainting people with other cultures" (Barsam, 1973, p. 124). *Well, the cultures that I try to give my students glimpses of are cultures of knowing - of seeing the world through art, music, literature, drama, play. . .*

The documentary gives "strange new information, or old information from new viewpoints. It appeals primarily to man's faculty of judgement. . Its commitment may be passionate, its method emotional and its style a triumph of art. The effect of the film may be to change the basis of judgement and eventually to change men's minds"(MacCann, 1973, pp. 13-14). *"Strange" and "new" are definitely words students have used to describe my classes.*

"Documentary involves everything in life that has emotional and intellectual value" (Rotha, 1952, pp.131-132). *Especially this. I want to combine the intellectual and emotional, to restore them to their togetherness, to their wholeness.*

"Its plausibility, its authority, is the special quality of the documentary - its attraction to those who use it, regardless of motive - the source of its power to enlighten or deceive" (Barnouw, 1974, p.288). *Well, this sizes up the constructivist perspective. Ultimately each of us must decide if we are being deceived or enlightened. Now, during the reading of this expressive writing, and every minute of our lives.*

"At its best, the documentary film - like democracy, like education - is an expression of faith in man's ability to understand himself and to improve his lot" (MacCann, 1973, p.14). *I definitely have faith in my students.- that they can and will come to know and grow. But I have learned to seek no guarantees that signs of their growth and knowing will become evident to themselves or me within the constraints of time of a typical fourteen week course.*

"The documentary film may, and almost always does, use unscripted situations, natural backgrounds, and untrained performers, but this is not as important as the requirement that its action must be action which has happened. Content, not method, is what matters" (MacCann, 1973, p.14). *Yes, it is what the students say that matters, not how. However, when I sense that they are not working at a level that they could be, I am not afraid to direct them or even to demand better method.*

The images of my act-ions as teacher still resonate with the ideas of a documentarist expressed in Chapter One. "The lens of the camera has the power of the moving human eye. It can and does go everywhere and into everything" (Rotha, 1952, p.88). The kino-eye/camera "uses all forms of montage in assembling and presenting its facts in a coherent order out of the chaos of modern life, and it seeks to establish a level of distinction among thousands of phenomena that present themselves on all sides to the mind of the cine-director" (Rotha, 1952, p.89) and the teacher's mind selectively pastes together a montage of events that emboss the student in his or her mind.

> By the documentary film is meant all methods of recording on celluloid any aspect of reality interpreted either by factual shooting or by sincere and justifiable reconstruction, so as to appeal either to reason or emotion, for the purpose of stimulating the desire for, and the widening of, human knowledge and understanding, and of truthfully posing problems and their solutions in the spheres of economics, culture and human relations." (In June 1948 the World Union of Documentarists met in Czechoslovakia and 17 nations agreed to this statement.)

Except that my documentary will never be on celluloid, the *process of writing it* resembles the above definition.

The *form* of documentary has stirred up new questions about what I "see" and "hear" and "feel" in my teaching - what I perceive, what I focus on - what is above, on or below the surface. In Eisenstein's eye "the real key to the system of film is not the artist's relationship with his raw materials, but rather his relationship with his audience" (Monaco, 1981, p.327).[1] What relationship do I establish with my audience? Which audience? my students? my readers?

G.S.A.S.: I sense that the metaphor of teacher as documentarist does not entirely fit any more?

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[1] The documentarist is *like* the teacher. Indeed, to document is to teach (Latin *docere*) or to shew (In Middle English means to see, to behold, to make someone see; in Greek it means to observe, in Sanskrit it means wise). As the documentarist is involved in 'production', 'direction', 'selection', so, too, do I as a teacher aim at a production. Even to accept and understand my students as they are requires the 'production' of a community that values that form of co-existence. In my aims to produce such a community I must 'direct' act-ion.

Q.: You're right. I *feel* the teacher does more, but I am barren of a metaphor to express the more-ness. The metaphor does not fit anymore. But it did. It really did at the beginning. When I chose to use that form it really resonated.

Happily I am reminded that some think that generating metaphors is also developmental. This certainly matches my experience:

> The making of generative metaphors involves a developmental process. It has a life cycle. In the earlier stages of the life cycle, one notices or feels that A or B are similar, without being able to say similar with respect to what. Later on, one may come to be able to describe relations of elements present in a restructured perception of both A and B which account for the preanalytic detection of similarity between A and B. Later still, one may construct a general model for which a redescribed A and redescribed B can be identified as instances. To read the later model back onto the beginning of the process would be to engage in a kind of historical revisionism (Schon, 1979, p. 269).

G.S.A.S.: Perhaps the "documentarist" has run its life cycle! What metaphor fits now?

Q.: I don't know. It's still too soon. I'll be back in the university classroom again next week and maybe then something will resonate. The metaphor has to ring with my experience. I think the documentarist rings with my past experience as a teacher. But I will never be that teacher again. I am now more than that. I can never deny that I was that, nor say that that was bad - I always did my best. But now, I am a different person, a constructivist, perhaps and I would like to facilitate constructivism - maybe that's the meaning I've been searching for when *I* say creativity?

Well, there *is* one more metaphor that I am entertaining. It isn't mine. But the ideas in it are appealing. It's Ferguson's 'open teacher'. But to understand it I really have to explain the influence of Prigogine and Nicolis (1977), Maturana and Varela (1988), and system's theory.

G.S.A.S.: Please do.

Q.: In my search to understand what goes on in the mind, in some theoretical sense, I am drawn back to Maturana and Varela. I am drawn back, and yet forward, like the ebb and flow of tide. I guess, for me, the process I am talking about is *recursive* . This is a process that continually re-curs. I don't mean repeats itself, because something that repeats itself does exactly the same thing each time. In recursion the process comes back on itself but because the self is different than it was, it can't repeat itself. It occurs again, but in an altered way. Recursion has a distinct pattern of reproducing itself and in the re-production - which is never identical, but still maintains the process' identity - fear is a major perturbation of change. Actually I'm beginning to wonder if the overcoming of fear is not what sparks the accomodation of the idea. I hoped that the documentary could affirm all this.

G.S.A.S.: Hold on! You never mentioned any of this in the dissertation!

Q.: I realize this, but it is rich in examples of this process - of being perturbed. Perhaps it is now time for some of this theoretical background.
A living being is a structure. "This structure conditions the course of its interactions and restricts the structural changes that the interactions may trigger in it" (Maturana and Varela, 1988, p.95). Living beings may be cells, organs, a person, groups of people, society, the oxygen cycle. . . . Each of these living beings is also a *system*. All of these systems co-exist. A change in one system does not *determine* a change in another system. However, a change in one system could *perturb* or 'trigger' a change in another system IF that second system's structure can accomodate such a change. Thus, it is important to understand the structure of a system.

Maturana and Varela (1988) identify four domains or classes of a system or *unity*: changes of *state* (i.e. changes that a unity can undergo without a change in its organization or structure); *destructive* changes that a unity can undergo with a loss of organization and therefore class identity - it is no longer the same thing because its system has changed; *perturbations* that 'trigger' changes of state; and *destructive perturbations* that result in destructive change. Thus, so long as a unity or system does not enter into a destructive change with another system, the two unities/systems will appear to be congruent - that is they will co-exist and we will not see any changes in either. However, this does not mean that change has not occurred - changes of state may well have occurred. Maturana and Varela use the example of a french horn to illustrate these classes and the potential for change:

> A french horn exists. It has a state.
> If it is split into two pieces it has undergone a destructive change and is no longer a french horn. Its unity has been destroyed.
> When someone presses a button on the french horn and 'perturbs' it, it is still a french horn (its unity is preserved) but its state is different - it makes a sound.
> If man further perturbs it by cutting it in half, then that perturbation is destructive: its unity - identity - is no longer the same.

Now, after a much longer and more elaborate explanation Maturana and Varela explain how these ideas apply to simple and complex systems and eventually focus on their applicability to humans. If perturbations, unities, or changes of state apply to humans, then considerable change in the human may occur through perturbations without us ever being able to see it, unless either it is a destructive change or we discover new ways of "seeing". I think this is a good model/metaphor for *learning*. In the case of two people interacting, one may be perturbing the other and the structure of the perturbed being may be altered, but on the outside it still appears as if the two systems are congruent.

Sawada (personal communication) describes a system as being in one of three states - in equilibrium, far from equilibrium, or out of equilibrium. When a system is *in equilibrium* - internally it is not being disturbed by perturbations. When it is *far from equilibrium* it has been disturbed by a perturbation, but no structural change has occurred. When it is *out of equilibrium* it has no choice but to restore equilibrium - therefore, it *accomodates* the perturbation and its structure changes accordingly. Now each system or unity has an infinite capacity to re-produce or change or be perturbed.

To be more concrete, if the two humans were a teacher and a student, to use traditional terms (because I think that we are always both!), the teacher could perturb the unity of the student - by exposing him or her to a new idea, some new information, a new form, by raising a question about which the learner had never thought . . . . The student - or his or her unity - has a choice: it can ignore the new and remain in its state of equilibrium, *or* it can become so confused, so to speak, that it is in a state far from equilibrium. In the case of the latter, the unity must accomodate the new in order to enter the state of equilibrium. If it accepts or accomodates the new information then it is on the road to equilibrium. The structure changed - it had to in order to accomodate the 'new', but on the outside the person still appears the same. This sequence of events or choices occurs again and again. This process is called *recursion*. In each change the *unity* of the system is preserved, but change does occur. This is why, for example, we can say that a fetus, an infant, a toddler, a child, a teen-ager, an adult, and an aged person are the same person, i.e. they grow into the same person. Their internal structure or unity or system maintains its identity, though it is in a constant state of change!

To fully accept this model of learning one also has to accept the idea of trans-form-ation that Ogden and Richards (1930) and de Saussure (1915) put forth over fifty years ago, and Roland Barthes (1967) elaborated upon. Their basic tenet was that what is in the mind can be transformed to appear outside of the mind - in the form of language, art, music, architecture (Jencks, 1970). . . or any other symbol system.

G.S.A.S.: I might be lost. Could you relate this to your documentary?

Q.: Well, first, the words students wrote in their expressive writing journals were transformations of what was going on in their minds (just as what you are now reading is a transformation of what I

am now thinking). Students' experience of the UREKA moment, or discovering some insight was also transformed into writing. These insights signalled moments of change - proof, as it were, that students had been perturbed and that their unity had accomodated the 'new' to which they were exposed - the moment when, shall we say, things "snapped" into equilibrium.
If we assume, and this may not be the case, that each student began the course in a state of equilibrium then when so many students spoke about the time of 'great confusion' in the last six or seven weeks of the course they were speaking of being out of equilibrium, or at least far from equilibrium. Students who talked about freedom may well have meant the time and space to 'accomodate' new ideas. And, valuing 'expressive' writing allowed them and me, and now others, to 'see' the change. In fact, I think that recovery of self was return to equilibrium. To be more accurate, I think that the phenomenon I identified as recovery of self - when students began to use autobiographical anecdotes to clarify their thinking, represented a series of recursions, sort of like "feedback loops".
What I'm saying here is that the recursion is occurring inside them (inside all of us) all of the time. How do we *see* it? How do we *know* that this is happening? How can we *prove* that this is happening? Here we must accept the semiotic idea of *transformation*. Change takes many forms - we can talk about ideas through metaphor where one idea 'stands for' another; through models, where one idea 'stands for' another; through theory, where one idea 'stands for' another, etc. The expressive writing included in this dissertation is an example of a transformation of the recursion into words - words whose *form* is close to the process of thought itself. Poetic writing, so full of images and metaphors, is also a transformation of our inner thoughts. So, of course, is transactional writing. Why we value one over the other brings us back to the yin and yang.

G.S.A.S.: Is this then the theory underlying the experience your dissertation describes?

Q.: I guess so. It is now what makes sense - a unity that brings together many other unities. I think that that is what theory is. Recursion is like the yarn that crochets together all of the squares in a patchwork afghan, the thread twisting, looping in and out of the other threads. It is the frame of each idea - be it on *form*, on *feeling*, on *epistemology*, on *writing*, on *teaching*, on *learning*, on *language*, on *creativity*, on *thinking*, on *mind*, on *consciousness*. . . Right now recursion helps me to understand each of these ideas, and more importantly, it links all of them. Recursion, like the metaphor of documentary, captures a *multiplicity of equally important messages simultaneously*.
If I were to write Chapter One now, I would have to add a sub-heading "In Search of Recursion". And, when I look back at entries in my personal journal, I see evidence of that quest:

> The sense of knowing I experience in my teaching is like a wave being pushed and pulled in the ebb and flow. The wave starts out near the middle of the water source (a glimpse of an idea) and gathers speed, height, momentum, and clarity as it works its way to shore. When it finally arrives it takes all that it has gathered along its journey - sand, plankton, dead sea life and other matter - and deposits it clearly on shore. Then it continues its final ascent to some peak on the beach. In its retreat it may take some of the debris it first deposited back with it; it may leave it all behind; it may be followed so closely by another wave that the materials are taken back by it instead. Once the moment of knowing has occurred the lack of predictability of what will be done with it returns.
> Education is knowing, becoming conscious of what we know, becoming aware that we do not know all, generating our own models, beliefs, values and attitudes and being prepared to examine them critically alone and with others. Education is choice and responsibility - taking responsibility for our place as individuals and community members in an endangered natural environment and choosing how to best express what is best for all. Choice, responsibility, and action require consciousness. As Ted Hughes put it, "it is one thing to get the information, and quite another to become conscious of it, to know that we have it" (Hughes, 1967, p. 121). (Excerpt from personal journal)

G.S.A.S.: What you were describing metaphorically was this process of recursion! It is as if you were looking for the idea. I mean you had it already, but couldn't label it.

Q.: Precisely. That labelling property of language then allows me to share with others. With you. With researchers. With students. It gives us something in common. Now, I still have to work on acquiring the lingo so that I can discuss these ideas with others.

G.S.A.S.: So, in retrospect, perhaps Women's Ways of Knowing was not the only perturbation that your unity accomodated in rejecting strict hypothetico-deductive inquiry.

Q.: I think you're right. Recursivity is also a non-linear logic:

> Thus, we are dealing here not with a logical circularity, but with a phenomenon of recursivity in which a fundamental role is played by language with its three aspects as we have seen them: language (spoken and written) is found at the articulation between two levels of organization, the mind and the brain; at the same time, it is a tool by which these and all levels are described and analyzed; and, at the same time again, it is itself a whole self-organizing system with several levels (Atlan, 1980, p. 126).

All of this is extremely important to academics, I believe. These ideas have many ethical and moral implications:

> We affirm that at the core of all the troubles we face today is our very ignorance of knowing. It is not knowledge, but the knowledge of knowledge, that compels. It is not the knowledge that a bomb kills, but what we want to do with the bomb, that determines whether or not we use it. Ordinarily we ignore it or deny it, to sidestep responsibility for our daily actions, as our actions - all without exception - help bring forth and validate the world wherein we become what we become with others, in that process of bringing forth a world. Blind to the transparency of our actions, we confuse the image we want to project with the being we want to bring forth. This is a misunderstanding that only the knowledge of knowledge can correct (Maturana and Varela, 1988, pp. 248-249).

> To disregard the identity between cognition and action, not to see that knowing is doing, and not to see that every human act takes place in languaging and, as such (as a social act), has ethical implications because it entails humanness, is not to see human beings as living entities. To do that - now that we know how we know - would bespeak self-deception. Whatever we do in every domain, whether concrete (walking) or abstract (philosophical reflection), involves us totally in the body, for it takes place through our structural dynamics and through our structural interactions. Everything we do is a structural dance in the choreography of co-existence (Maturana and Varela, 1988, p. 248).

> *The knowledge of knowledge compels*. It compels us to adopt an attitude of permanent vigilance against the temptation of certainty. It compels us to recognize that certainty is not a proof of truth. It compels us to realize that the world everyone sees is not *the* world but *a* world which we bring forth with others. It compels us to see that the world will be different only if we live differently. It compels us because, when we know that we know, we cannot deny (to ourselves or to others) that we know (Maturana and Varela, 1988, p. 245).

> That is why everything we said in this book, through our knowledge of our knowledge, implies an ethics that we cannot evade, an ethics that has its reference point in the awareness of the biological and social structure of human beings, an ethics that springs from human reflection and puts human reflection right at the core as a constitutive social phenomenon. If we know that our world is necessarily the world that we bring forth with others, every time we are in conflict with another human being *with whom we want to remain in coexistence*, we cannot affirm what for is certain (absolute truth) because that would negate the other person. If we want to co-exist with the other person, we must see that *his certainty - however undesirable it may seem to us - is as legitimate and valid as our own* because, like our own, that certainty expresses his conservation of. . .existence. . . (Maturana and Varela, 1988, pp. 245-246).

This may also help - me, anyways, - to understand my attraction to Heidegger's circle. Heidegger talks about the circle in the context of art. What art is and what its origin is were foci of some of his last writings. My questions about teaching and even the way I seemed to approach the topic (through poetry, for example) were akin to Heidegger's approach to art. For Heidegger the circle emerged to best clarify art:

> What art is should be inferable from the work (of art). What the work of art is we can come to know only from the nature of art. Anyone can see that we are moving in a circle. Ordinary understanding demands that this circle be avoided because it violates logic. What art is can be gathered from a comparative examination of actual art works. But how are we to be certain that we are indeed basing such an examination on art works if we do not know beforehand what art is? And the nature of art can no more be arrived at by a derivation from higher concepts than by a collection of characteristics of actual art works. For such a derivation, too, already has in view the characteristics that must suffice to establish that what we take in advance to be art work is one in fact. But selecting works from among given objects, and deriving concepts from principles, are equally impossible here, and where these procedures are practiced they are a self-deception.
> Thus we are compelled to follow the circle. This is neither a makeshift nor a defect. To enter upon this path is the strength of thought, to continue on it is the feast of thought, assuming that thinking is a craft. Not only is the main step from work to art a circle like the step from art to work, but every separate step that we attempt circles in this circle (Heidegger, 1971, p. 18).

G.S.A.S.: Can you now elaborate on the metaphor of 'open teacher'?

Q.: Yes, but following my pattern of 'dependency', allow me to quote Ferguson. This is *her* metaphor and I would not want to misrepresent it:

> The open teacher, like a good therapist, establishes rapport and resonance, sensing unspoken needs, conflicts, hopes, and fears. Respecting the learner's autonomy, the teacher spends more time helping to articulate the urgent questions than demanding the right answers. . . . The true teacher intuits the level of readiness, then probes, questions, leads. The teacher allows time for assimilation, even retreat, when the going gets too heavy (Ferguson, 1980, p. 292).

> The learner is an open system, a dissipative structure, interacting with his environment, taking in information, integrating it, using it. . . The learner is transforming the input, ordering and reordering, creating coherence. His worldview is continually enlarged to incorporate the new (Ferguson, 1980, p. 291).

Notice how Ferguson's words sound so much like mine! Yet, I actually selected this passage after I finished the documentary. Ferguson also acknowledges the role of 'perturbations' and identifies the importance of feelings and fear:

> A learning shift is preceded by stress whose intensity ranges across a continuum: uneasiness, anxiety, pain, fear (Ferguson, 1980, p. 291).

The open teacher combines the ideas of mid-wife, therapist, enabler, and interpersonal teacher. The 'open teacher' sees the environment as a perturbation:

> The open teacher helps the learner discover patterns and connections, fosters openness to strange new possibilities, and is a midwife to ideas. The teacher is a steersman, a catalyst, a facilitator - an agent of learning, but not the first cause.
> Trust deepens over time. The teacher becomes more attuned, and more rapid and powerful learning can take place. . . .

> Like the spiritual teacher who enlarges or heals the self-image of the disciple, awakening him to his own potential, the teacher liberates the self, opens the eyes, makes the learner aware of choice. We only learn what we always knew.
> We learn to walk through fears that held us back. In the transformative relationship with a teacher, we move to the edge, our peace is disturbed, and we are challenged by what psychologist Frederick Perls capped "a safe emergency".
> The optimum environment for learning offers security enough to encourage exploration and effort, excitement enough to push onward. . . We trust the teachers who give us stress, pain, or drudgery when we need it. And we resent those who push us for their own ego, stress us with double binds, or take us into the deep water when we're still frightened of the shallow.
> Yet appropriate stress is essential. . .
>
> Come to the edge, he said.
> They said: We are afraid.
> Come to the edge, he said.
> They came.
> He pushed them. . . and they flew.
> Guillaume Apollinaire:
>
> . . . Those who love us may well push us when we're ready to fly.
> The too-soft teacher reinforces the learner's natural wish to retreat and stay safe, never venturing out for new knowledge, never risking. The teacher must know when to let the learner struggle, realizing that "help" or comfort, even when asked, can interrupt a transformation. . . (Ferguson, 1980, pp. 292-293).

There are lots of ideas about the 'open teacher' that resonate with my own at the moment. But my intuition tells me not to borrow too hastily. However, when I am back in the classroom you can be certain that I will be wondering about the 'fit' and constantly looking for other more 'poetic' fits.

G.S.A.S.: So your study is really autobiographical!

Q.: This dissertation builds on the biographical approach to research in education put forth by Butt (1988), Tripp (1988), Raymond and Surprenant (1988), and Anderson et al. (1988) by going one step further to be auto-biographical. I might add, in case any reader has any doubts, this autobiography is not designed to exemplify a 'great' or 'master' teacher; rather, it is a means of seeing, hearing, and feeling the teacher-process - the process that goes on in the mind while teaching and the process of becoming a teacher - an on-going, never-ending process. This dissertation is about learning and a type of teaching that nurtures important learning. It is about the *striving* for excellence in education and teaching. I hope that the evidence of satisfied, *deeply* satisfied, students reveals the value of the conditions I have identified as nurturing this nurturing environment. Or, in more theoretical terms, I hope that both the process of perturbations and examples of some possible perturbations that dislodge - art, poetry, literature. . . - were revealed. I also hope that this theory could become a theory of learning.

G.S.A.S.: You use the word "really" a lot in your writing and documentation. Why is that?

Q.: I guess it goes back to the moment that paradigm became clear to me. When I was at the edge of the pond. (Or in Plato's cave.) 'Really' is when I know in a deep way that I am experiencing, saying, describing, living my knowing in the fullest possible way. When there is no mirage, no shimmering. And, of course, these are but mere moments in time - deep profound moments that make you never the same as you were before. That's why I use really - because it is a really special/significant moment. It is perhaps the word that transforms the moment of snapping into equilibrium. Or, what Eisner talks about:

> Scientists, Whitehead believed, are drawn to their work not by epistemological motives but by aesthetic ones. The joy of inquiry is the driving motive for their work. Scientists, like artists, formulate new and puzzling questions in order to enjoy the experience of creating answers to them (Eisner, 1985, p. 27).

G.S.A.S.: What have you learned about writing?

Q.: Lots. In a nutshell, how important it is to our learning and how great its potential as a research tool of "seeing". I hardly know where to begin.
Harste, Woodward, and Burke (1984) examined some of the assumptions underlying a transactional view of learning and literacy. They identified the 'oral language supremacy' assumption of young children, that is, "since oral language is a prerequisite to written language learning, special emphasis should be placed on it in pre-school and kindergarten programs. 'Reading' and 'writing' are not supposed to happen at this level" (1984, p. 97). I think that the opposite is true at the university level. Since students already know how to read and write they already know how to listen and speak; hence, we are not supposed to emphasize listening and speaking - to self or others, or writing in a mode that is listening and speaking to self - that is, expressive writing. I learned that expressive writing is important and I hope to value it even more in my teaching.

Also, when I let certain people examine the draft, I found them pulling out words or phrases. They seemed to miss the point of all of the words and phrases together. It's like Harste, Woodward, and Burke pointed out about 'textoid':

> If we separate words out from the contexts by which they are determined, if we pull out sentences of discourses, if we disengage discourse from a context of use and human purpose, we tend to produce something I call 'textoids', synthetic fragments of language which exhibit none of the complex richness of natural language. It is precisely this richness which enables us to navigate as effortlessly and unselfconsciously around the hermeneutic circle of understanding as we all have to do in order to understand any system of signs (from Hunt, 1983, p. 5) (1984, p. 103).

I learned that textoids can be dangerous. There are a lot of textoids in transactional writing, but there doesn't have to be. I think that we can hide behind textoids, too - behind words that do not resonate with our meanings.

Harste, Woodward and Burke concluded that our assumptions as teachers limit learning. I agree. These assumptions are what I meant when I spoke about my hidden agenda or my hidden curriculum. Only I want to become conscious of it so as little as possible is hidden.

Jacobs and Roderick (1988) traced a group of upper level university students through an elementary language arts preparatory course and a practicum. They offered them a variety of writing opportunites, especially emphasizing the expressive mode in their first four months in the university classroom. Then they expected - well, at least hoped - to see students incorporate the expressive mode in their own practicum teaching. They did not and Jacobs and Roderick lament.

G.S.A.S.: But as teachers we need the patience de Beauvoir talked about.

Q.: Patience, yes! Also students, on the other hand, need "time" to internalize their experiences. In the typical daily living of university courses and practicum requirements, students are *not* given that time. They are, rather, in what Shor calls an "accelerated" mode of thought:

> There is another dimension of popular consciousness that contributes to irrationality. It can be referred to as "acceleration". Where vocationalism levels the capacity for critical thought, and reification freezes and fragments mass reflection, acceleration speeds up mental processes beyond a pace suitable for critical analysis. The mind is conditioned to

> operate at a perceptual speed which repels careful scrutiny. Life in thought, and thought about life, are swept up into the rushed routines of existence (Shor, 1980, p.63).

Writing requires time and if it is to be valued, courses that value writing must take that into consideration.

> Writing to learn, therefore, needs to be given greater attention in the classroom. If we want children to feel empowered by the learning, if we want them to produce more coherent mental pictures of the world, we will stand back and allow them time to read better the issues of their lives. Then we may see that as they continue to write through what satisfies, intrigues, or even torments them, a picture does eventually emerge for them and for us, as the sculptor carves from stone (Mikkelsen, 1987, p.???).

This also applies to adults.

Licktieg (1981) concluded that encouraging student writing required six conditions: positive teacher attitude, supportive learning atmosphere, wide experiences accompanied by discussion, varied reading opportunities, extensive writing experiences, and cultivation of a sense of community.

G.S.A.S.: Therefore, it is not surprising that in your emphasis on connectedness or community that student writing would thrive.

Q.: Developing a community was a consciously set goal. I selected a variety of experiences to overcome competition and *build* cooperation. However, I did not set out to improve writing per se, other than wanting to promote *personal growth* over that period of time.

G.S.A.S.: You mention 'freedom' in the documentary. Is it related to all of this?

Q.: Yes.

> In the masculine myth, confirmation comes not at the beginning of education but at the end. . . Confirmation as a thinker and membership in a community of thinkers come as the climax of Perry's story of intellectual development in the college years. The student learns, according to Perry, that "we must all stand judgement" and that he must earn "the privelege of having (his) ideas respected (1970, p.33). Having proved beyond reasonable doubt that he learned to think in complex, contextual ways, the young man is admitted to the fraternity of powerful knowers. Certified as a thinker, he becomes one of them (now dethroned to lower case "them"). Doubt precedes belief; separation leads to connection. The weak become powerful, and the inferiors join their superiors. This scenario may capture the "natural" course of men's development in traditional, hierarchical institutions, but it does not work for women. For women, confirmation and community are prerequisites rather than consequences of development (Belenky et al., 1986, pp. 194-195).

In writing we talk about *ownership*. I think that traditional teachers have trouble giving up ownership. I mean, I think that they think that they own students' work. They do not, of course, but it is hard to see that, especially when something wonderful has emerged in *your* classroom. The same holds true of ideas, I think. It is very difficult for teachers to give students room for ownership of ideas - I especially feel this - that's why I needed real self respect. Instruction according to Vygotsky should be aimed not so much at the ripe, but at the ripening functions (In Langer and Applebee, 1987, p.142).

This is particularly difficult at the university level:

> Frequently, when introduced to methods of college instruction, a faculty member will turn away or adopt a stance of passive resistance. Central to this resistance is the attitude of the faculty member toward teaching. If he does not value teaching, or does not perceive

> himself as being primarily a teacher, he will not spend time learning new techniques or exploring alternative instructional methods. At the same time, he may be fearful of displaying his shortcomings as a teacher or may be resisting the values and philosophies of education that underlie many new methods or curriculum proposals. Frequently, he has neither an articulated value system concerning teaching nor a coherent philosophy of education, and the new method or proposal may inevitably find itself at odds with ill-defined values or philosophies. An effective faculty development program, then, must deal with attitudes of the faculty member, as well as with related values, philosophies, and self-perceptions (Berquist and Phillips, pp. 185-186, cited in Aleomoni, 1987, p. 78).

In their study of writing across the high school curriculum Langer and Applebee noted that change can occur at two levels: deeply or on the surface. Some teachers discovered new ways to write, but they never altered their basic approach to students - i.e. the teacher still made all of the decisions and structured the learning (1987, p.82). I think that deep change is more like a shimmering paradigm. Teachers change their approach to students, to writing, and probably to many other things in their lives. I guess that I hope that my study will be read for what is said in a deep way, and not just seen by its surface informalities.

If clear and effective writing in all school subjects are to become an objective of the school system then

> policy makers, administrators, and teachers alike will need to work together to reward thoughtful argument over simple recitation, to judge the effectiveness of schooling by standards that take into account how students reason and learn about the subject matter in addition to how much they know, and to communicate these expectations clearly and forcefully to the students themselves and to the community at large (Langer and Applebee, 1987, p.151).

This applies to teaching, perturbing learning and nurturing shimmering paradigms, too.

G.S.A.S.: I think that we're back to the issue of form. Does this relate to the theory of recursivity by any chance?

Q.: Yes. I wanted this document to emerge, to re-present the type of thinking that was close to thought so that we could begin to de-mystify academic thinking. The form was important to do that.
But it was also a statement about the importance of form *in* teaching. I mean, the importance of not putting squares into round holes, hexagons into triangular holes, etc. It was about the need to have academic freedom in selecting form, in experimenting with form, in valuing form - not just content. Sure, the variety of forms can get in the way - cloud the content. But in teaching at least, we have to be very good at discerning these sorts of things.

In "Genetic Epistemology and Psychoanalytic Ego Psychology" Petrosky discusses form and literature. What he says also applies to teaching and learning anything:

> The form readers give to their experiences with a work of literature is something they construct themselves; it is not given. Their responses are the articulations of complex judgements (including feelings). In the process of responding - giving form - readers are engaged in an ardent quest for meaning (Petrosky, 1986, p.37).

I have become much more conscious of the power of form - to free or constrain, to create or conform. I am reminded of a passage in the book by Langer and Applebee. A teacher talks about form:

> What happens is we teachers start an assignment with a form in our mind and we know exactly what we want and we adapt things according to that form. Pushing the kids into it. You'll even find kids using words that you consider inappropriate and you have to pull back, you have to let them get the point for themselves. It's a very tough thing to let the

> kids go. I think the reason I do it (control so much of the student thinking) is I know where I want to go, and it'd very hard for me to give that up. The kids want you to structure it because the kids are grade conscious and they know if I have some idea of what an "A" is that I'd better let them know so they can meet it. And the school system is structured. The text book, the district competency test, the district objectives, all force me in a certain line of "This is where I have to be going". . . Having the right answer makes teaching easier because I know what I'm looking for. Not having the right answers makes it more chancy (from Langer and Applebee, p.83).

I think that in the future I will encourage my students to explore more forms as they write. I have learned much more about the importance of form in idea-making, in expressive writing, in reflection. If education and schooling have as their goals thinking and enhanced thinking, then expressive writing *must* have a stronghold in practice. Bakhtin (1981) has further elaborated on the relationship of discourse to thought. Having written long before Britton coined the term "expressive" writing, Bakhtin does not use this term. Instead, he writes about "persuasive discourse". It is a discourse tightly interwoven with our self. It is "able to reveal newer ways to mean".
There can be little doubt that the writing in the logs of students in Ed. C. I. 491 was "persuasive discourse" or "expressive writing". I suppose that I concurred with Rosen: "The whole curriculum might, could, should have as its simple quintessential rubric "retelling in one's own words" and the replacing of authoritative discourse with internally persuasive discourse (Rosen, 1986).

G.S.A.S.: Can you *apply* any of your findings to the classroom - to the women in Ed. C. I 491?

Q.: One might ask what type of writing to emphasize at what epistemological position. I'm not sure if that is the important question, but. . . . I know lots of people would like to hear an answer to it. Here goes:

> The received knower needs to listen - to learn to listen - but can simultaneously have the idea of voice nurtured.
> Certainly the subjectivist needs to write transactionally - to learn to validate opinions and beliefs.
> The proceduralist- separate knower needs expressive writing, as does the connected procedural knower. The former to learn to believe, instead of doubt - (as Popper tells us: assume something to be true or possible until proven otherwise). Connected knowers need to have their ways of knowing legitimated.
> The constructivist needs to experience all forms of discourse, especially the poetic.

G.S.A.S.: Your writing definitely presented a different balance of discourse styles. Do you have any regrets?

Q.: Regrets? No. But now that I have said and discovered so much in expressive and poetic discourse styles I truly hope that I will be able to write transactionally about the same topics - in order to reach a wider audience. To write transactionally I must become better acquainted with other writers who write about these topics - fear, love, structural dissipation. . . Of course, I couldn't do that until I knew what the dissertation would be about.

G.S.A.S.: In Chapter Two you mention that you wrote to your students weekly and that this writing may well have contributed to the rise of your intellectual community. Could you expand on this?

Q.: When I re-read the weekly logs I wrote to Ed. C. I. 491 I see some distinct functions served by the log. (Remember, I said earlier that I was following intuition, not reason in planning and implementing the course. I remembered everything that I had said/wrote to students, but I was not conscious of the functions that the journal served.) The journals encouraged, informed, were models of thinking and knowing, and inspired students. They injected joy into learning. The first

three functions are ones I identified in my re-reading of the logs. The final two functions are ones noted at least once by all members of Ed. C. I. 491. Students concluded from the journal entries, and my teaching style, that I cared. They took risks because they felt SAFE to do so. I would not punish them for doing it their way. By this caring a bond of trust developed.
A part of every journal entry was meant to en-courage. Through complimenting, acknowledging, expressing approval, and reacting to the previous class we "connected". Reactions to previous classes were varied: I apologized for classes that 'bombed', thanked them for their participation, requested more commitment to their experiences, more attending to their writing, and always discussed my reactions to the previous class.
Most journal entries covered some business matters, as well: assignment due dates, collection of fees, preview of next two or three classes, reminders to bring/wear comfortable clothing for drama or art sessions, lists of student generated criteria for evaluation. . . Students appreciated having this information in print. It was concrete and we held to it. This was one of the few truly stable aspects of the course.
I regularly offered reflections on my philosophy of teaching and life. Stories about my undergraduate years, about my children, about my weekly experiences were vivid and carefully chosen to clarify (at least, for me) why I did in class what I did. These reflections were also offered as "models" of story, of elaboration through anecdotes, of valuing autobiography or personal history and using it for self-discovery. In a much less structured way, the journal offered metaphors that described 'knowing', 'insight', 'discovery' (ureka moments). I shared my excitement of learning.

G.S.A.S.: Sounds like you were offering them a model of possibilities or alternatives in their 'taken-for-granted' world. Was this a plan or were your weekly logs authentic?

Q.: Authentic. I shared my feelings and my risks. I told them when we had done something for the first time in class, how I felt before, during, and after the new idea/technique/approach. This is possibly one place where *I* was most honest in the eyes of the students. I showed them I trusted them and they trusted me. Trust earns/rewards/breeds trust!

> Separate knowers try to subtract the personality of the perceiver from the perception, because they see personality as slanting the perception or adding "noise" that must be filtered out. Connected knowers see personality as adding to the perception, and so the personality of each member of the group enriches the group's understanding. Each individual must stretch her own vision in order to share another's vision. Through mutual stretching and sharing the group achieves a vision richer than any individual could achieve alone.
> Connected knowing works best when members of the group meet over a long period of time and get to know each other well (Belenky et al., 1986, p.119).

I invited students to reflect. My 'models' offered them *possibilities* for the form of reflection. My 'definitions' of creativity, critical thinking, love, teaching, learning gave them 'meat' to respond to. It gave us something in common. It bonded us. It helped form our community. The articles they were asked to read often brought out their stories and therefore served the same purpose - nurturing reflection.
From previous teaching I had a sense of what didn't work in illiciting reflection. But I was not certain of what did. This was my hidden agenda for Ed. C. I. 491. Could I in some way 'teach' students to reflect?? (See Richert (1988).)
But I'm not trying to develop a formula, a fool-proof way of nurturing. That would be

> Much of what skilled teachers do in the run of a normal teaching day is immediate and unreflected; spontaneous adaptations to situational complexities. This phenomenon of spontaneous adaptation is an essential and commonplace classroom practice that is an enactment of teacher knowing. Because each teacher's practice is unique each teacher expresses this knowing in a very personal way (Cole, 1988, p. 1).

G.S.A.S.: Some people are calling this study a feminist study. How do you feel about that?

Q.: I never set out to do a feminist documentary. I set out to explore the role of fear in risk-taking, and the role of risk-taking in creativity. The group that I worked with was made up of many women. I am a woman. In these senses the study is feminist.
However, I would prefer to see it as a study striving to show harmony, trying to restore balance, trying to perturb in the direction of harmony and balance:

> After a time of decay comes the turning point. The powerful light that has been banished returns. There is movement, but it is not brought about by force. . . . The movement is natural, arising spontaneously. For this reason the transformation of the old becomes easy. The old is discarded and the new is introduced. Both measures accord with the time; therefore no harm results.
> (-I Ching)

I met the turning point and discovered 'balance' in my feminism. I did not force it to come to me. I think the same thing happened in Ed. C. I. 491. We never used the word feminist. I think the word has a connotation of forcing change. Things *naturally* happened. Maybe that is why I am so attached to the phrase 'balance', instead.
By revealing aspects of yin I think that I am able to show what's missing in our yang-oriented society. I really do think that we need the yin *and* yang - the opposites. But, unfortunately, yang is understood and yin is not. So the study appears to be feminist. I'd like it to be about yin, if it has to be labelled.
Of course, as I have already mentioned, people label things in order to make sense out of them. If being feminist helps them make sense, fine - that is not for me to decide or construct.

On the other hand, the woman-centredness of this dissertation expresses who I was when the documentary was documented, when I discovered the precious moment that captures my teaching. I do not hate men. I do not despise working with them or connecting with them, but in the history of the ideas that dominate thought, theirs, too, have dominated. And this simply is not fair - is not balanced. It is time for other voices to speak, to be heard, to act as sculptor's tools in reshaping an intellectual world for all - for men *and* women, for separate *and* connected knowers, because . . .

> (s)eparate and connected knowing are not gender-specific. The two modes may be gender-related: It is possible that more women than men tip toward connected knowing and more men than women toward separate knowing (Belenky et al., 1986, pp. 102-103).

In a world so dominated by yang, I could afford to be - I *had* to be - so yin-like. It was only in being so yin-stressing, in fact, that any sense of balance could be achieved. Of course, in another culture, at another time, it might be the yang that would have to be stressed to preserve the balance and harmony of the natural order of things.

G.S.A.S.: You seem to put a lot of faith in thinking with our bodies. Is this intuition? Could you elaborate?

Q.: This started a long time ago. All of my life I have had a little voice guiding me. I trusted it and believed it. We had a great relationship. But no one ever talked about their little voice. So I never revealed anything about mine. In fact, the further I progressed in academia the more the word seemed taboo. Finally, I encountered a book about focussing. This is a technique developed by Eugene T. Gendlin (1981), a psycho-therapist. He witnessed great success in patients who used this technique. When troubled, patients were encouraged to assume a relaxed position, close their eyes, and look for the troubled, uneasy spot in their bodies. The patients were then told to focus on that spot and begin to ask questions of themselves. Why might I be troubled, uneasy? They were told to listen to their bodies, but also to keep asking questions. When the precise reason for discomfort or incongruence was identified verbally, the pain or uneasiness subsided. That, of course, did not get rid of the problem, but it did identify it so that something could be done about it.

Ferguson uses intuition as a term for "knowing that can't be tracked". I think that focussing helps to locate it and maybe my longer term research goal is to track it.

> The dictionary defines intuition as "quick perception of truth without conscious attention or reasoning," "knowledge from within," "instinctive knowledge or feeling associated with clear and concentrated vision." The word derives, appropriately, from the Latin *intüere*, "to look upon (Ferguson, 1980, pp. 296-297).

Focussing further legitimated the need for inward journeys - to discover 'mind'. It also boosted my confidence in turning the journeys of my students inward. I found myself often telling students to look for answers (to certain self-generated questions) inside themselves. I think I was trying to give their ideas legitimization for them as well as helping them find the answers. Besides, I truly knew no other place to look for answers to such questions as "How do I know if I'm doing the right thing for this child or that child . . . ?", "What should I do when. . .?", "How do I get through

As Salmon says, "through our em-bodi-ments, we express our deepest meanings". Yes, I do put faith in thinking with our bodies.

G.S.A.S.: Would you say that your 'method' of viewing knowledge and epistemology was through feelings?

Q.: Partly, but not exclusively. I did set out to understand my feelings, to let them inform my thought, and to place them closer to the centre of the 'curriculum'. But I also know in other ways - through reason, intuition, and the expertise of others.

> My patients have taught me that it is not just what happened to them that shaped who they are, but what happened in them made the difference. What they felt and how they reacted inwardly and outwardly determined who they became, much more than the degree of adversity they encountered (Bolen, 1984, pp.278-279).

I think that I can say that "(f)eeling is living process becoming aware of itself" (Reid, 1986, p. 16). I think that I have come to "understand" feeling. Suzanne Langer (1967) claims that feeling is a mark of mentality and emerges at a certain stage in evolution when a 'neurophysiological process can be said to break through to feeling':

> The phenomenon usually described as 'a feeling' is really that an organism feels something, i.e. something is felt. What is felt is a process, perhaps a large complex of processes, within the organism. Some vital activities of great complexity and high intensity, usually (perhaps always) involving nervous tissue are felt, being felt is a phase of the process itself. A phase is a mode of appearance, and not an added factor. . . (Langer, 1967, p. 9)

I think that feelings have become more of a 'method' of viewing teaching. I have tried to fit them in to wholistic education. As Reid concludes in Ways of Understanding and Education:

> The teacher who stimulates and encourages (an) engrossed engagement of pupils in whatever they are studying, is teaching educatively, and the outcome is educative learning. The aesthetic satisfaction it brings is the reward of the holistic approach to knowledge and understanding of many things of many kinds . . .(Reid, 1986, p. 141).

G.S.A.S.: How does all of this relate to education? or to your department of 'curriculum and instruction'?

Q.: "Curriculum studies is a recognition of the needs felt by practitioners for better ways of describing, explaining and justifying what goes on in educational programmes" (Pring, 1976, p. vi). I hope that my dissertation is seen as a serious examination of what counts as knowledge, how

that knowledge contributes to teaching and learning, and to sharing with others. It is perhaps an opportunity to take up Richard Pring's challenge:

> The development of knowledge is only part (though a crucial part) of the development of mind and it is this development that the curriculum must be centrally concerned with. But how can we adequately grasp this complexity we call 'mind'? I do not know. What alone I am certain of is that, however difficult it is to reach a satisfactory answer, anyone seriously engaged in teaching has an answer, and we (each of us) must first begin to examine THAT critically - and hopefully make it accessible to the criticism of others (Pring, 1976, p. 3).

G.S.A.S.: There are about 15 women featured in your documentary. Where are the other 18? How did you choose the excerpts you did?

Q.: The answer to that question is through "centering" as Mary Caroline Richards describes it in Pottery, Poetry and the Person. I kept myself centred and let the form emerge itself.
I also was certain to examine the students who were least like me - they're usually the ones from whom I learn the most. They're also the ones that I have to work harder at getting to know. They think very differently. They value different things. I hope that this is as much their story as mine!

G.S.A.S.: What is your hang-up with judgement?

Q.: Hang-up? Hmmmm. I guess that that is an appropriate word. If this work is to be judged, then be it by its internal integrity - I mean by love - acceptance - of its author - who she is at the point in time it was written, where she was in her learning, but see the desire and commitment to learn more - the desire for growth, the commitment to clearer understanding and judge that! Be it by its internal congruence! Be it by the appropriateness of the form it took? Be it by its emergence!

G.S.A.S.: You speak about constructing and construction, the latter being dangerous. Why?

Q.: In constructing we are active. We are present- and future- oriented but also reflective of the past. In construction we are passive, accepting of the shape, form, scaffolding, schemata. We look at the past and accept. We do not question. We do not wonder. We take for granted.
When students are undergraduates they know that they are learning. This is not dangerous. But when they get deeply and tightly rooted into jobs and stop wanting, trying, or craving *to learn* the situation becomes dangerous. They think they know everything.

> We live what we know. If we believe the universe and ourselves to be mechanical, we will live mechanically. On the other hand, if we know that we are a part of an open universe, and that our minds are a matrix of reality, we will live more creatively and powerfully. If we imagine that we are isolated beings, so many inner tubes afloat on an ocean of indifference, we will lead different lives than if we know a universe of unbroken wholeness. Believing in a world of fixity, we will fight change; knowing a world of fluidity, we will cooperate with change (Ferguson, 1980, p. 146).

G.S.A.S.: What have you learned about fear? Or better yet, what can you teach us about fear?

Q.: These are of course two very different questions. I will share with you first what I have learned about fear.

> As Araham Maslow said, a fear of knowing is very deeply a fear of doing, because of the responsibility inherent in new knowledge. These new discoveries reveal aspects of nature too rich for analysis, yet we can understand them. On some level - call it heart, right brain, gut, collective unconscious - we recognize the rightness, even the simplicity of the

> principles involved. They fit with deeply buried knowledge within us (Ferguson, 1980, p. 146).

I believe that fear underlies many untaken actions in classrooms. Teachers must work out their fears to realize what an impact those fears have had on their students. We all have biases, but let's be aware - conscious - of them!

> Again, fear is not a private affair because, long-sustained, it breeds a sense of helplessness that is out of keeping with the responsible practices of freedom. . . When [the adult] feels helpless, he will feel helpless not merely AS AN INDIVIDUAL but AS A MEMBER OF SOCIETY.. . . He withholds from society his portion of that responsible interest for which a free society must depend upon its members. . . (Overstreet, 1951, p.112)

I like the way Perry put it when he talks about *courage*, instead of fear. When we talk of fear we are talking of courage - student's courage and teacher's en-courage-ment:

> . . . .At each step in this development the student sees himself, his instructors and even truth itself, in very different terms. Clearly, the community's efforts to instruct, recognize, and confirm the student must take forms that are generally relevant to the student's construal of the world, and of himself in it, at different points in his growth. Our records show, for example, that when the only pluralism a student sees is one in which any opinion is as good as another, an effort to encourage him in relativistic Commitment will be simply misperceived. In any optimal sense, even a good estimate of "where the student is" in his structuring of the world is not enough. Has he just arrived there? If so, confirmation should aim at assisting him in firming up and expanding his discoveries. Is he ready to move on? If so, instruction should present him with those incongruities which best challenge him at the leading edge of his growth. . . . This demand upon courage implies a reciprocal obligation for the educational community: to recognize the student in his courage and to confirm the membership he achieves as he assumes the risks of each forward movement. This is a creative obligation: to find ways to encourage. At each step the student senses his option of taking up new responsibilities or of pulling out in retreat or alienation. He must make the decision himself, but if he feels not only alone, but alone in the experience of aloneness, he can draw his only strength from his past - if he had a good past. In our reports, the issues of this dubious battle are revealed as cumulative, reaching their crisis in the student's emergence into a world perceived as relative and as one in which he must either affirm his own convictions and values or entrench himself in opportunism, proprietary absolutism, or despair. At this advanced moment of maturity he would seem to require not less support but more - and of a particular kind. He needs not only models to emulate but the experience of community with them. Our study makes clear enough why this experience cannot be fostered by the educational epistemology of fifty years ago. We hope it also articulates the nature of the experience which emerging customs must address if they are to confirm the young adult in his membership in his new and precarious community (Perry, 1970, p. 210).

To teach you something about fear we would have to form a community and spend a lot of time together. I would prefer to work with a larger group, too. At least at first.

G.S.A.S.: When you talk about the 'natural order of things' - about the yin and yang - do you mean systems theory?

Q. Well the spin-offs of the work of Prigogine and Nicolis (1977) on dissipative structures has been very influential on me. ALL of this lead to the notion of perturbations and in my teaching I definitely try to perturb.

G.S.A.S.: What can you tell us about paradigm?

Q.: My inner voice tells me that it is time to re-talk of paradigm. But it is the *shimmering* paradigm that really intrigues me - when one's beliefs are connected in time, when we turn to metaphor to make sense of the complexity, when a surface clarity shimmers before us, but we never know for just how long:

> It is by metaphor that language grows . . . The grand and vigorous function of metaphor is the generation of new language as it is needed, as human culture becomes more and more complex (Jaynes, 1976, p. 49).

I ventured forward when I was at the edge of the pond and I saw the goldfish meandering below the surface. I was ready to move forward. I became conscious.

Others only see the surface. Perhaps they are afraid to move closer. Perhaps they are uninterested. Perhaps they are not yet ready. There is, of course, room for everyone at the edge of the pond. But, maybe my pond is an error in metaphor?

> Most of the errors about consciousness . . . have been errors of attempted metaphors (Jaynes, 1976, p. 53).

Later, when someone asks me what I saw when I looked at the pond I will "tell" them something quite different from these other more distant visitors. They will tell of a shimmering reflection on the pond's surface. I will tell of three worlds (see Escher in Appendix B), and a quest for others!

> New situations are collectively perceived as part of this ongoing story, perceptions that do not fit into it being unnoticed or at least unremembered (Jaynes, 1976, p.64).

To speak of paradigm is really to speak of recursion.

G.S.A.S.: I'm certain that many readers/educators would be interested in knowing if you could identify the epistemological positions of your students, and if so, what you would do with that information?

Q.: After reading the excerpts from student journals in the "documentary", it may be desireable to examine the epistemological positions within our community.
This dissertation sings like a choir of voices - my voice was heard in many roles, at different epistemological positions. The voice of Ed. C. I. 491 was heard as a group. Some individuals were also featured. To speak and be heard seemed to be an underlying driving force of our 14 weeks together.
The question that the separate knower in me asks is whether or not this information can be "applied" to teaching. Perry (1970) showed us that one couldn't directly teach FOR epistemological change, but that in an institution which consciously adheres to certain values there did seem to be natural progression among male students that involved the majority of them. The movement of empowerment so salient in the educational literature of the last decade, and prior if we consider Freire's work (Mackie, 1980), is an appeal to create an environment that would nurture epistemological being. That being is, in an intellectual community at least, I believe, necessarily one of change. At present, my convictions are that that change is in a pattern similar to that proposed by Belenky et al. - for both men and women (I have since taught graduate and undergraduate courses using the same principles of connectedness and community and found that men and women - from several cultures - respond equally positively). To nurture the who-ness in the depths of each student - their feelings - and give them a place - a legitimate pre-sense in the classroom is to love them, to accept them for who they *really* are and live beside them in daily living. This must be even more important to teachers who have the privilege - the gift - of being able to live beside young people for much longer periods of time - for 5-6 hours a day, 180-200 days a year. What a wonderful opportunity for love to flourish!!
After outlining the epistemological positions identified by Belenky et al. I could conclude that "silent knowers" were those who dared not speak and had not yet learned how to listen. "Received

knowers" were good listeners, primarily dualistic thinkers, who could grow to respect *that* they knew. This acknowledgement that they knew seemed to usher in subjective knowing.
"Subjectivists" found their "voice". In the discovery of voice, they were able to gain self-confidence, listen to their bodies, discover that there were different ways of knowing - multiple truths. These discoveries led to newfound energy - new 'births' of ideas and ways of knowing. They became frustrated when others did not use their voice, when they got caught up in being the 'good girl' or 'good student', and when the expression of self - of voice, feelings seemed unacknowledged. They seemed unable to use evidence, reason, expert judgement, context, principle or purpose. This frustration lead to autobiographical self-analysis and ushered in procedural knowing.
"Proceduralists" *practised* using their own voice. Through autobiography they discovered conflicts in their pasts that seemed to draw them back into silence, instead of inviting them to grow. From this they concluded that knowledge was a process through which each of us construes the world differently. They examined the system in which they operated and criticized the system in its own terms.
The "separate procedural knowers" were objective, dispassionate doubters. The metaphor that might describe their ways of knowing is the justice system in our society. Ideas are put on "trial", "defended" against "adversaries", "innocent (wrong) until proven guilty (right)", and "judged" by authorities. Separate knowers make themselves completely vulnerable to the criticism of these authorities.
"Connected knowers" are believers, before they are doubters. They believe in community, in sharing, in caring, in the first hand unduplicatable experience of people. They develop procedures for gaining access to 'how' others know and see and experience the world. Connected knowers seek understanding - *of* others and *by* others. Their craving for understanding was often the outcome of a long period of anaesthetization - feeling 'deadened' to their feelings - in their lives.
"Constructivists" were conscious of the roots of both their separate and connected knowing - of form and content. From connected knowing they grew to understand their voice. They had 'faith' in their whole body's thinking -intuition, feeling, and mind. They allowed their 'self' to inform them and sought integration of feeling and thought and the ideas of others. They sought a sense of the true complexity of life, with a high tolerance for ambiguity and contradiction. Their klnowledge was accumulated through question-posing - identity questions such as 'Who am I?", moral questions such as 'How can things be better?" or 'Whose responsibility is this?', and epistemological questions such as 'How did this come about?' They both understood and judged. Their judgements of good opinions or good scholarship were now grounded in principles of "passion", "caring", "acknowledging the complexity of an iussue", "responsibility" (not rights), and "commitment". How accurate could we portray the complexity of our reality? What assumptions shape the reality about which we speak? These were articulate, reflective, self conscious (as in conscious of self, of one's personal non-material dimension of reality) women. These were women who wanted their voices heard. They did not fear the language of intimacy. They welcomed the freedom of choice that this position ushered in - the freedom to decide how they want to think and how they want to be.
Where did the women of Ed. C. I. 491 "fit into" the epistemological positions of Women's Ways of Knowing? Perhaps I could comment on two:

Jackie: Jackie began the course with a real fear of writing. She preferred the mid-term oral conference to the weekly written logs. She was a very confident teacher of seven years and did not let her lack of confidence about writing interfere with her self image. At mid term she pleaded for my 'patience' and promised to 'try harder' in her writing - in finding her voice. She made teaching techniques practiced in class her "own" by adapting them to meet the needs of her 'real' students. She considered this "creative". By the end of the course she concluded that she 'needed to change' and discovered that she was "creative" and had not been nurturing that creativity.
Jackie knew that she had a voice, but it was buried so deep in her separate knowing self that she found it very difficult to find. In her daily living - 'in school with her principal and staff' she was just becoming a "connected" knower. Jackie wrote about the tension of calling a parent about a child's progress; but once done, she sensed relief. And it became easier the next time. However, Jackie seemed to make no *conscious* knowledge of the "connect"-ion between separate and connected knowing. To Jackie university courses helped her keep on learning. To her learning was

was gaining information in a broad area of interest - 'from computers to reading' as opposed to an in-depth area of interest. Jackie was a procedural knower not yet conscious of so being.

Holly: Holly reminisced about her leaving home, first coming to Edmonton, her first year of teaching, and shared her story about once again being able to cry. She knew that she had a voice and was using it. Her autobiographical stories sounded self-analytic to me and her conclusions that she valued things that her staff-mates did not, suggest that she was consciously struck by the idea of multiple truths. Holly had rejected separate knowing and had found an alternative that fit with her being. As connected knowing was rooting she was also rooting constructivist roots.

In general I think that

> (t)he voice of separate knowing is easy to hear. Developmentalists like Piaget, Kohlberg, and Perry have tuned our ears to it, and it rang loud and clear in our interviews, especially with women from highly selective, rigorous, and in traditional colleges like the one from which Perry drew his sample. The voice of connected knowing was harder to hear, because our ears were not tuned to it and because we never before listened with such care to relatively unschooled women. . . . (Belenky et al., 1986, p. 102).

G.S.A.S.: Have you settled the issue of evaluation yet?

Q.: No. I know that it is still inside me. And I know that a cloud of fear hovers around it. I find "feedback" appealing. It is the system deemed most successful in faculty development (Ericksen and Ericksen, 1980; Arreola, 1987; McKeachie, 1987; Gil, 1987; Eble, 1988; Lacey, 1988). Why, then, assuming a willingness to treat faculty and students as equals, couldn't this be a viable alternative to evaluation??

I'm also reminded of the conclusions Langer and Applebee drew after their study of writing across the curriculum. The extent to which teachers made changes in their approach to writing was governed by several factors, all related to their ideas of their roles as teachers and the students' roles as learners: what it means to teach, what it means to learn, and what should count as evidence of successful teaching and learning (Langer and Applebee, 1987, p. 85). Some teachers saw their role as one of helping students toward new learning, rather than of testing the adequacy of new learning (Langer and Applebee, 1987, p.143). Others concluded that "when something works well, we tend to keep using it without being sensitive to whether the students still need the kind of support that the activity was initially meant to provide" (Langer and Applebee, 1987, p.145).

G.S.A.S.: What are your reflections on honesty?

Q.: Honesty - exposing my soul - was not natural in me. I remember the first time I read a selection of personal fiction to a class. My personal journal entry about this event read:

> If I was to practice what I preached I would have to lose any fear of showing myself as a human being.
> This was a challenge. I read a short story I wrote to my students. I saved this till the end of class so I could escape with the bell. I read quickly, nervously, and never looked at anyone in the eyes. When I was done I gasped for air. Was it worth it? Would their journal entries tell? . . . Yes!"

G.S.A.S.: Where to from here?

Q.: I want to learn to "really talk" and "really listen". ED C I 424 was not the realization of my dreams of a good teacher. But it did usher in new ideas about teaching and learning. It helped me to become familiar with the role of "real talk". The nurturing of an environment of real talk is on my agenda, a part of my mental map (Freire), and an aspect of the paradigm that still shimmers.

G.S.A.S.: Is there any consistency between the emphasis on the un - the unspoken, the unheard, the unseen. . . and your desire for such explicit honesty in your own writing and in that of your students?

Q.: Of course. When one discovers what is un-said, un-seen, un-heard, etc. one discovers that there is always more that is un-said, un-heard, un-seen, etc. It is for me, a way to grow in consciousness.

G.S.A.S.: Why did you write what you wrote? Do you have a moral to share?

Q.: When I invited select friends to read what precedes this passage I discovered that they felt a certain sense of discomfort - "It was like reading someone's diary", they told me. They were not flattered or excited about the glimpse of 'me' that they were privy to. In fact, they wondered why/how I would be awarded a degree for this work. So I began to think again - the sheets entangled quickly as I realized that this question had also been haunting me. My first response was defensive: "Don't you see - the university system made me this way - made me not relate to myself. I tried to please the system and in so doing lost my self. The University has to know this. This shouldn't happen." The calmer me responded: "This is about my way of knowing - the only way that I feel that I can really make a statement about EACH of our ways of knowing. As the film director said: you can take it or leave it for what it's worth."

Three chapters done and I realize that I am not an accomplished constructivist. This dissertation has helped me enter more fully that epistemological perspective. In another piece of writing, in a month, in a year, ten years, I may have better intertwined the separate and connected ways of knowing. I am not blind nor deaf to the dominance of connectedness. But that is where I am at. That is who I am at this point in time. That is what must be 'understood' and 'judged' by a committee.

G.S.A.S.: In your documentary, you gave Bruner the last word. What would *you* like to tell teachers?

Q.: Teachers at university. Firstly, I'd like to tell them to see their students as people who are interested in the same subjects as them. Then I'd like to wish that they 'perturb' in as human way as possible. And finally, I would like to remind them of what Liam Hudson noted:

> Creativity requires intuition and crisis-seeking. Exploration in all fields does seem to involve a certain peasant toughness, and even perhaps a streak of brutality. Like rock-climbers, explorers must harden themselves to risk. Yet they seem not merely numb to danger, but positively to court it. The successful research scientist is the man who chooses to work within tight intellectual systems, yet enjoys throwing them partially or wholly in doubt. Like Gagarin or Columbus he sets off into the void, without guarantee of landfall. Stepping away from a firmly rooted intellectual scaffolding demands strong nerves, even if it is only done in order to replace one system of scaffolding with another (Hudson, 1966, p.146).

G.S.A.S.: Any final thoughts?

Q.: I would conclude as Carl Rogers once did:

> "I think I had better stop there. I do not want to become too fantastic. I want to know primarily whether anything in my inward thinking as I have tried it, speaks to anything in your experience of the classrooms as you have lived it, and if so, what the meanings are that exist for you in *your* experience" (Rogers, 1961, p. 278).

(October, 1989)
G.S.A.S.: So how was the oral?

Q.: It occurs to me that recursion is ever- active. What an opportunity to discuss the same ideas in a new way - as if I were re-visiting old friends who had been around the world, learned to speak five more languages, and taken up mice ranching. I never thought that I could keep seeing these same themes - the themes so dear to my heart - in so many new ways. . .

APPENDIX D
THE ROOTS OF FORM - INTUITION?

How can we be certain that there is a guiding force inside us? Or that intuition exists at all? The existence of the word and its use must account for some of the mystery. If intuition did not exist the word would fade from use. In my case, this page might be *evidence* that intuition exists. It is a photograph of the *outline* of my dissertation. It was prepared about seven months before the dissertation emerged. When I wrote it I remember feeling overwhelmed with ideas. I had to get them all out - to see the diverse strands that were at work, trying to meld, fuse, weave together to form some unity. It took them seven months to do so. The dissertation documents the final month of that struggle and the many *forms* needed to gain *clarity*.

APPENDIX E
LATER IN 1989: CONTINUING REFLECTIONS AND RECURSIONS

G.S.A.S.: Are you playing with any new metaphors?

Q.: Yes. I made the following submission to my personal journal not long ago:

A gardener walked along and came upon a handful of seeds. Each was different and she recognized only that they were seeds. Her love of the land led her to a rich plot of soil. She spent a few hours cleaning the soil - removing rocks, pulling weeds, turning over and breaking up the clumps of hard earth. Then she planted the seeds.

She marked where each seed was buried, watered the plot daily and gently hoed around each plant as it started its journey to the sky. Some grew quickly, some very slowly. Some, she soon discovered, needed less water than others. Some did not seem well-suited to the soil. Some attracted insects and had daily visitors. Some were tall and slim, others spread along the ground. As the summer passed each plant bloomed. In its own way each plant was quite beautiful, though, of course, the gardener had her favorites. She preferred the early bloomers, the ones that spread quickly, and the brightly coloured ones. They seemed so eager to express themselves. But, as the other plants matured, the gardener found unexpected beauty. The single coloured green plants were not at all boring. The fine-stemmed plants were not at all helpless. She even stopped pulling out the weeds, for they, too, had become beautiful!

The gardener often thinks back to her old style of gardening. Sometimes she misses the perfectly planned landscape of colour, blend, size and scent. There was a challenge in grooming for such perfection. And, oh! how much attention the groomed architecture received - compliments, even accolades. Few outsiders noticed the new garden. It did look unorganized, unplanned, unharmonious. But the gardener knew the wealth and beauty rooted in the soil. And those who took the time could see plants in a way that they never could have imagined.

The gardener was always quite amazed at how much was in a seed. She never knew for sure what beauty, texture, colour, shape, size, or scent would emerge and she always looked forward to the blooming season. She learned with years of practice, that some seeds preferred certain soil types, sun or shade conditions, temperature, companions. But even without the "ideal" conditions, the gardener helped each seed grow.

As a teacher I feel like a gardener. My students are my seeds. With every class I teach, I am offered a handful of seeds to plant, nurture, help grow, admire, and seed. I could choose to be an architect and cultivate only certain seeds. I guess that's what graduate students are. But . . . .

APPENDIX F
SOMETIME IN 1990: CONTINUING REFLECTIONS AND RECURSIONS

G.S.A.S.: You once spoke of the fusing together of ideas. Are any new unities emerging or changing form for you right now?

Q.: Yes, always. And I can now see why the metaphor of sculptor, that is teacher as sculptor, was so appealing. You see, while the sculptor, like any artist, works with the clay to let its form emerge, to let the voice of the clay be heard, the sculptor must first work the clay. The clay must be softened, shaped, moistened. It must be prepared before the shape inside it can emerge. That preparation accounts for my hidden agenda. I don't come in the first day of class and say anything goes. No, indeed, I have a very definite plan, a definite way of softening the class, of moistening their creative energy, of shaping a group spirit. Then, once the group is ready, like the sculptor, I can help the form of the class emerge.

G.S.A.S.: Are you saying that no two forms are alike?

Q.: Yes. This term I am teaching the same course to two groups of students. There are 23 students in one group and 33 in the other. There is a majority of females in each class, a similar age distribution in each, and we work in a room of similar size and shape. I planned the first few meetings to follow the same activities. In the spirit of my tradition I wrote a letter to the whole class after each meeting. I started to write the same letter for both groups, secretly hoping that that would save me time. However, after three or four meetings I could sense dissonance inside me. One group was emerging, but I was imposing the form of that group on the other - to save *my* time. This was incongruent and I was not comfortable. I had to let the form of each group emerge, no matter how different it was.

G.S.A.S.: Go on. . . .

Q.: Well, it also reminds me of caring:

> Science is dependent upon huge accumulations of experience and upon the fact that the individual concerned cares intensely about what he is doing (Liam Hudson, 1966, p. 109).

G.S.A.S.: Go on. . . .

APPENDIX G
SOMETIME LATER: CONTINUING REFLECTIONS AND RECURSIONS

G.S.A.S.: What new recursions have you experienced? Have you become any clearer about intuition or the role of feelings? Any new metaphors?

Q.: Yes. . . .

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